New Minds for the New World

THE NEW

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The Grave Danger of War

MOST people in this country are under the impression that the danger of war in the Middle East is passing and that our military preparations are a bluff.

The object of our military preparations, completed by the arrival of French troops in Cyprus, has never been precautionary, and the principal object of our policy is to overthrow President Nasser. If he can be forced to capitulate on our terms he will be discredited with the Egyptians and throughout the Arab world: if not, he must be got rid of by other means. Sir Anthony Eden has never been bluffing. Like Mr. Macmillan and other members of his Cabinet, he sincerely believes that to overthrow the Egyptian dictator is the only way of preserving the British Empire and probably of preventing a much greater war in the future. Unfortunately he now also regards the struggle as a personal matter between himself and President Nasser in which one or other will be politically destroyed. One of the reasons why people are disinclined to take the aggressive policy of the government seriously is that Eden has a reputation as a man of peace. But he has been taunted by his followers as a petty man, incapable of action, and he is desperately anxious to show the world that he is in reality as tough as Churchill. Such reasons of vanity and personal prestige play their part in history, and we may yet have a war because of internal stresses within the Tory party. To fail now would involve Eden in bitter political humiliation at home and expose the appalling nakedness of British policy abroad.

No one who has been in touch with Whitehall or the Quai d'Orsay this week any longer believes that the policy of force has been abandoned. If the temperature has now dropped, that is only because it is clearly impossible for Britain to go to war with Egypt simply on the grounds that Nasser does not accept our terms. No one can foresee where such a campaign would lead. World opinion would be against us; we should be the aggressors; and the country would be violently divided. A democracy cannot go to war unless the Opposition supports the government. Today half the press is against this war and Mr. Gaitskell and the T.U.C. agree in opposing the use of force without the consent of the United Nations.

These considerations might seem to rule out war as a means of settling the dispute. But those members of the government who believe that Nasser must be overthrown at all costs are not yet deterred. They solemnly argue that it is feasible for paratroops to seize Suez, Port Said and other strategic points, to occupy Cairo within 24 hours and to replace Nasser by a "democratic" government culled from the very dubious elements in the Egyptian population who would have been willing, in the days before the national revolution, to form an alternative government. Such a coup could only be staged—and it is here that the danger lies—in the event of an "incident" which would produce an emotional explosion powerful enough to push Britain over the brink. We recall the incidents that started the Crimean and Spanish-American wars. Clearly there is grave danger of such an incident in the Canal itself, where the threatened withdrawal of British and French pilots may produce a partial, if not a total, stoppage of traffic. The Russians, by announcing their intention to send pilots to the Canal, as well as encouraging the more reckless form of Arab nationalism, are increasing the danger of stirring up old cold war reflexes and weakening American opposition to a policy of violence.

Every sober voice in this country should be raised in warning against any such venture. The Canal can be kept open by negotiation. Our oil is not in jeopardy; like the Dutch, Scandinavians and other countries who opposed the policy of force at the Suez Conference, we can make new contracts and, like them, buy our oil on a normal commercial basis. To make war on such an issue would be a crime. It is a time to speak out. This may be the last weekend of normal argument and sane thinking.

Comments on the Week's News

Cyprus and Suez

The Suez crisis has played a major role in the rapid deterioration of the situation in Cyprus during the past fortnight. The derisory terms of the government amnesty, the timing of the "revelations" about Makarios, and the arrest of the secretary to the Ethnarchy all reflect the government's determination to avoid re-opening negotiations. This new mood, which implies an abrupt, if temporary, change in British policy, is a direct consequence of the Suez crisis. As long ago as last March, Mr. Bevan said that the government must decide whether the object of policy was "a base in Cyprus, or Cyprus as a base". Throughout the spring and early summer, the government had been moving steadily towards adopting the first formula—the only possible plan for a Cyprus settlement. In his last statement to the Commons, just before the recess, the Prime Minister implied that British interests were not incompatible with self-determination, provided the right to a base on a long lease were recognised; the only obstacle to such a settlement was the Turkish veto. This seemed to be the final refutation of the Hopkinson "never" speech; and Colonel Grivas' offer of a cease-fire can clearly be seen as the Cypriot response. Since then, however, Nasser's *coup* has reinforced the opinions of those in the government, the Tory Party and the armed forces who have always held that Britain's Middle Eastern interests could not adequately be protected by a mere forward base in Cyprus, particularly if the rest of the island was, directly or indirectly, under the control of a potentially hostile power. It is recognised that the present military build-up on the island—and, even more so, the dispatch of French troops—would be incompatible with a self-determination agreement under which Britain merely exercised the right to station troops in a limited base. Such arguments appear to have carried the day, and the government is now determined to maintain the *status quo* in Cyprus until the Suez crisis is over. Hence Sir John Harding's request to the Cypriots "to be patient for a few weeks more". The danger, however, lies in the fact that now Cyprus has been so sensationally linked, in the eyes of the Tory Party public, with a policy of "firmness" in the Middle East, the government will find it difficult to revert to its earlier policy.

Defence and Scientific Research

What decides the extent of this country's economic progress, the increase in productivity from year to year? To a large extent it is the rate at which industry produces and develops ideas for new and better ways of making things and new and better things to make—in other words, the amount of research and development work. This is the significance of the estimate, published this week by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, that Britain spent £325 million on research and technical development last year. As a total it looks impressive, and as a proportion of the gross national product—2 per cent.—it looks even more impressive, particularly when compared with a corresponding figure of 1.5 per cent. for the U.S.A. But a glance at the detailed figures shows that the picture as a whole is far from satisfactory. For one thing, three-quarters of the £185 million spent by industry is concentrated in the aircraft, chemicals and electrical engineering industries, whereas in America there account for only half the total. Many large traditional industries in Britain are doing hardly any research at all. Even more significant is the proportion of research going for defence. In America this is 34 per cent. of the total, in Britain over 60 per cent. It is true that some of the results of military research are later used in civil applications, but it often happens, too, that a promising line of civil research is impeded because defence scientists have already followed it and created security problems. Our industry has lost most of its geographical advantages over that of other countries and needs to rely increasingly on brains and skill for survival. It seems clear that our declining share of increasing world trade is connected with the fact that defence research claims the majority of our scientific brains.

Preparing for Blackpool

The final agenda for the Labour Party conference suggests that the constituencies are most concerned about automation and foreign policy. The official report gives plenty of scope for left-wing criticism on foreign affairs even though, with masterly phlegm, it dismisses the famous B. and K. dinner in four lines. As for automation, no fewer than 33 parties and unions are demanding urgent action ranging from redundancy agreements to nationalisation. One party wants the public ownership of "all automated industries." So, in spite of the efforts of Socialist Union and the re-thinkers, nationalisation is still a live issue with the rank-and-file. Though this is the year for amending the constitution, no one has dared to lay a finger on the sacred Party Objects enshrined in Clause 4. The party still remains dedicated to the "common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange." None the less there will be some constitutional struggles. The N.E.C. is certain to resist the attempt by constituency parties to get a bigger share of the seats on the executive and of the voting strength at Conference, but it might be tempted to take up the proposal from Knutsford that the Treasurer should be chosen by the N.E.C. from among its own ranks instead of being elected by conference. If Mr. Bevan were to be narrowly defeated for the post this year, Knutsford's proposal would effectively stop him from running again, which is what some anti-Bevan unions want. They argue that the job should be taken out of "politics", but election by the N.E.C. would not make the choice any less political; it would merely ensure it took place behind closed doors.

Stevedores and Transport Workers

The Trades Union Congress on Monday carried the previous question on the resolution of the Amalgamated Stevedores' and Dockers' Union asking for help in dealing with the awkward position in which it is placed in the northern ports. It is caught between the General Council's requirement that it hand back to the Transport and General Workers the members, numbering several thousands, who have seceded from that union and joined it, and the legal decision that it has no right to expel these members. The Stevedores' spokesmen insisted on their desire to be loyal to the T.U.C., but asked what they were to do in face of the legal judgment which prevented them from carrying out its orders. Mr. Cousins, for the T. & G.W., retorted that the trouble was the Stevedores' own fault, because they had been deliberately poaching members from the T. & G.W.; and Congress thereupon evaded a direct vote on the issue by adopting the previous question. Unfortunately this does not help matters. The Stevedores argued that the attack recently launched by the port employers on the dock labour scheme makes it vitally important to re-establish unity of action on the trade union side—to which argument the T. & G.W. retorts that this can easily be done by the return of the seceders to its own ranks. At present, outside London, where the Stevedores hold a recognised place, the T. & G.W. holds a monopoly of recognition in the structure of collective bargaining, and shows no sign of being prepared to give it up. The difficult issue is whether workers who are discontented with their union have a right to secede from it and form a rival body. To deny this right altogether comes near to treating the members as the union's property; whereas to concede it freely could lead to dangerous splits that might undermine the unions' bargaining power. The T.U.C. has a natural disposition to side with the big battalions against secessionists, even if these have a real grievance; but what are the Stevedores to do if the law courts will not permit them to exclude the members they have enrolled? They can choose only between fighting the combined power of the T. & G.W. and the T.U.C. and following a policy of sheer inactivity until the northern members get tired of a trade union that can do nothing for them and resign from it of their own accord. But, in this situation, it would surely be wise for the T. & G.W., which has the whip hand, to do what it can to make it easier for them to escape from the mess they have got into. Why not amalgamate and then set out to settle differences within a combined union?

The Universities and the Treasury

The recent report of the Public Accounts Committee dealing with the grants made to the universities by the Treasury through the University Grants Committee has started up an acrimonious debate. The U.G.C., which now meets a high proportion of the total expenses of the universities, has always leant over backwards to avoid any appearance of interfering with their internal affairs. The universities have, of course, to submit to it itemised requests for financial help showing, in elaborate detail, on what services they propose to spend the sums they ask for; and the U.G.C. accepts some of their claims and rejects or scales down others in determining the amounts it agrees to grant. It does not, however, impose any formal conditions that the grants shall be spent exactly in accordance with the plans submitted, or break up the total grants into specific allocations for particular purposes. The universities thus keep a large amount of discretion in spending the sums allowed them as they think fit; and their actual expenditure is audited by their own accountants without any formal check by the Treasury or the U.G.C. This, of course, would not prevent the U.G.C. from drawing a university's attention to any major departure in the use of the money from the purposes in view of which it was granted, or from retaliating against an offender by reducing its grant next time. But in practice this situation does not seem to have arisen, and there is no allegation that the universities have shown any tendency to misuse the grants. There is undoubtedly in university

circles a strong feeling against anything that savours of government control; and the U.G.C., made up of academic persons, doubtless shares this feeling. As matters stand, there seems to be much to be said for leaving well alone; but the universities can hardly expect to continue indefinitely to get well over three-quarters of their total expenditure from Treasury grants without being subjected to any public scrutiny of the ways in which the money is spent.

Gold Coast Corruption

The publication of the report of the inquiry into the Cocoa Purchasing Co. is the best answer to the fears that it would be suppressed by the Gold Coast government. Yet the report itself makes disturbing reading. Members of the government, including the Prime Minister and the Minister of Finance, are directly accused of conniving at malpractices. It is clear from the report that the funds of the C.P.C., a statutory board in association with the Cocoa Marketing Board, have been applied under political influence. This state of corruption—which it is widely believed, would be revealed by inquiries into the affairs of other boards—raises questions about the position of these new public boards in West Africa. This report, like that on the Braimah case of two years ago, shows how contractors may try to influence West African politicians. Fortunately there is no sign of this form of corruption infecting the civil servants who are responsible for running the government machine. The danger is clearly that the West African nationalist movements are exposed not to the seduction of Communism, but to the control of business men and business interests. If the nationalist movements are to be so influenced, they will fail to carry out the social revolutions which African society demands. It is the Africans alone who can root out this poison of corruption: the British certainly cannot do so. Yet all the facts about this case were widely known before the general election—and the persons implicated were all elected with large majorities.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Peking

China Supports Nasser

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: The Asian world first met President Nasser at the Bandung Conference. Chou En-lai gave him an almost ostentatious welcome, and since April, 1955, Egypt and the Chinese People's Republic have exchanged many delegations. The Suez Canal affair has been followed with much interest. "Nationalisation of the Suez Canal by the Egyptian government was a tremendous inspiration to all who oppose colonialism," said the *Kuang Ming Jih Pao*. "The Suez Canal, which served international monopoly capital for 86 years, has now been liberated. . . . The speech of President Nasser on July 26 at Alexandria was an historic document, the vow of the Egyptian people determined to stand against imperialistic intervention."

The "Bandung spirit" was soon invoked; it is rapidly becoming a euphemism for a Communist-Islamic front in China, which has a considerable and influential Muslim population. The Chinese government's statement of August 15 concluded: "The Egyptian government, in line with the spirit of the Bandung Conference, has already proposed the convocation of a conference with the broad participation of countries concerned for the purpose of reviewing the Constantinople Convention. . . . The Chinese government warmly supports the spirit of peaceful negotiation fully demonstrated by Egypt in this proposal." Four vice-chairmen of the China Islamic Association issued a message: "Chinese Muslims, together with the rest of the Chinese people, resolutely support Egypt's great historic move internationalising the Suez Canal Company." In the big Tungsie Mosque in Peking, Muslims of various nationalities pledged support for Egypt. In Cairo the leader of a Chinese mission which had just made the pilgrimage in Saudi Arabia, addressed a rally sponsored by the organisation for the liberation of the Muslim peoples to support the nationalisation of Suez. He called Nasser's action "legitimate and in keeping with the Bandung spirit and the U.N. Charter."

As the situation developed, groups in China expressed solidarity with their corresponding groups in Egypt. "Chinese women fully understand the feelings of Egyptian women and mothers in joining the struggle to defend their nation's interests," an article written jointly by five Chinese women leaders stated in the *Jen Mih Jih Pao*. The national committee of the Seamen's Trade Union of China congratulated the Egyptian Canal Workers' Union. Egyptian electrical workers had solidarity telegrams from the Chinese electrical workers, and workers in textile machinery plants in Shanghai promised to put their best quality looms in the first consignment of textile machinery for Egypt. In Wuhan, one of several meetings was enlivened by a young Imam who prayed on behalf of all Muslim youth for victory for Egypt, whilst a young poet read a poem, *Guard the Suez Canal*.

Indian and Soviet policy have both been widely acclaimed. "Now there is only one correct and practicable way open to Britain and France," the Tientsin *Ta Kung Pao* said editorially, "and that is what Nehru put forward in his statement; to abandon sabre-rattling and violence and to settle the issue on the basis of Egyptian's sovereignty by agreement amongst all concerned."

Karachi

Crisis in East Pakistan

A Pakistan Correspondent writes: No one ever doubted the toughness or the integrity of Ghulam Mohammed, ex-Finance Minister and Governor-General of Pakistan, who died last week and was given a state funeral. In 1953, his peremptory dismissal of Prime Minister Nazimuddin showed that a bureaucratic dictator ruled in Pakistan. In the following year he dissolved the Constituent Assembly. He was a passionate nationalist but he did not face the social consequences of an enlightened nationalism. His successor, and for many years his right-hand-man, General Iskander Mirza, has shown himself equally tough when he suspended the constitution of East Pakistan.

Last week, a severe political crisis flared up in East Pakistan, when Governor Fazlul Huq prorogued the Legislative Assembly four hours before it was scheduled to meet in order to pass a supplementary budget and express confidence in the Ministry. It then became clear that far from dedicating himself to the welfare of the province, and facing its disastrous food problems, Mr. Huq was bent upon keeping his nominee, Chief Minister Sarkar, in power. This he was no doubt forced to do in view of the fact that he continued to be *de facto* head of the United Front Party, although, as Governor, he was expected to be above party loyalties. But Mr. Sarkar realised that he could neither threaten nor cajole the Assembly members into supporting him and thereupon decided to resign, rather than to force a showdown, which would have exposed the weakness and unpopularity of his party. On Tuesday, Governor Fazlul Huq invited the opposition leader in the Provincial Assembly, Mr. Ataur Rehman, to form a new ministry. After long discussions with his colleagues, he accepted the invitation. If the Awami League succeeds in forming a ministry, there is new hope that at long last there will be a stable government in East Pakistan which is prepared to face the food crisis and impending economic breakdown.

In West Pakistan there is increasing uneasiness. In Karachi there has been a shocking revelation of corruption in the police force, and the press has recently been full of sensational reports of atrocities permitted by the highest placed officials, culminating in the resignation of the inspector-general, Sir Oliver Grace, who was forced to leave the country as a result of public demonstrations against his continuance in service. There are reports of peasant risings in the Punjab, owing to the government's policy of neglecting and postponing land reforms; and grave charges of corruption have been brought against even Dr. Khan Sahib's enlightened administration.

Stockholm

Trade with the Communists

A Correspondent in Stockholm writes: Between 1951 and 1954 Sweden's trade with Poland declined, mainly due to a fall in shipments of Polish coal. But it has recently been increasing again, as Sweden has found it difficult to get deliveries of coal and coke from West Germany. Imports from Poland this year have been running at twice the 1955 rate.

This expansion gives point to the effort being made by the Poles at the annual St. Erik's Fair in Stockholm, where a feature is being made of Polish steel tubing, glass, porcelain and leather goods. It is also reported that Sweden will be buying more zinc products from Poland.

A similar effort is being made by Czechoslovakia, which hopes that Sweden will use its favourable balance of trade with Prague to buy more Czech goods. The range offered is much the same as that covered by Germany—medical, dental and optical equipment, textile machinery, tools, typewriters, sewing machines and toys—and as there is no longer any pressing incentive to buy from West Germany—on the contrary, Sweden has bought heavily from the Federal Republic but has found the West Germans to be reluctant importers in return—the Czechs expect the Swedes to do a good deal of business with them. The Czechs, moreover, make certain things for which Sweden provides a good market: precision sporting rifles, china and porcelain are offered at prices which are keenly competitive.

Britain, however, remains Sweden's best customer, mostly for wood, pulp and paper, and the trade figures have steadily risen in the first half of this year. Yet, in June, the value of British exports dropped sharply from the May level. It would be unwise for British exporters to dismiss this as a mere seasonal fluctuation: it reflects the Swedish reaction against Britain's poor sales technique, the variable quality of the products and, above all, indifferent delivery and service.

Ultimatum from Brighton

On Wednesday, the Trades Union Congress formally broke with the government. For ten years the General Council has been mainly on the defensive, putting the case for moderation and co-operation with the government to successive meetings of the T.U.C. It has not always been successful, because neither the Council nor the T.U.C. can bind individual unions if they choose to go it alone. But the majority on the Council has done its best to fulfil the promise which Sir Vincent Tewson made five years ago when the Tories returned to power; the T.U.C. was "to work amicably" with the government whatever its politics. And at times some members of the Council have seemed more anxious to "sell" the government's policy to the trade union movement than to urge the interests of the movement on the government.

That period came to an end last week-end, when the General Council decided not to proceed with the Geddes plan—announced at last year's Congress—to present the Brighton meeting with a statement of economic policy which would have made Mr. Macmillan's case for him. It also left the crucial motion on wages to a free vote. These decisions did not come easily to what has formerly been the majority on the Council. But once the weight of the Transport Workers was thrown against them they had to give way or face a crushing defeat. The fact that this resolution was to be moved by Mr. Frank Cousins and seconded by Mr. Campbell, of the railwaymen, meant that the balance of power within the trade union movement had shifted decisively. For some years the engineering unions have been setting the pace. The biggest union of all, the rock on which the General Council has stood almost unshaken for a decade, followed lamely behind them. Now it has taken the lead against the government.

This change is so important that it is worth asking why it has come about. It is too simple to attribute it merely to Mr. Cousins. He is, it is true, a remarkable man, who has already shown in the B.M.C. strike that he intends to protect the interests of his members by every legitimate means. But he became general secretary of the T. & G.W.U. at a time when government policy had made it impossible for the unions to "work amicably" with Whitehall. While there was some attempt to guide the economy, while the lower-paid workers were aided by government social policy, while dividends were restricted, a case could be made for wage restraint. But the one thing that the trade unions cannot accept, once the government has "set free" the economy and permitted prices, profits, rents and dividends to rise without control, is the doctrine that wages alone must be controlled in order to rescue the government from the consequences of its own folly. To insist that the trade unions, in fact, must save the country from inflation, when our present difficulties are the direct result of the financial dogmatism of Mr. Butler and Mr. Macmillan, is to make "co-operation" between the government and the unions impossible. In a free-for-all, collective bargaining has to take its course.

The resolution passed on Wednesday, however, does not mean that the unions have irresponsibly decided to get what they can at any cost to the national interest. Certainly the wage claims will be pressed—claims on behalf of about five million workers have already been lodged—even though the government may now encourage employers to reject these demands. But the fact that this movement is now being led by the traditionally moderate Transport Workers, and that this Congress has been a demonstration of unity, means they will be pressed as part of a coherent policy and not as an attempt by one union or another to keep ahead of the game.

What that policy will be was outlined on Monday by Mr. Beard, the president of the T.U.C., and by Mr. Cousins on Wednesday. "We cannot rage about the crisis," said Mr. Beard, "and then stay silent about suggesting a solution." It is economic policy that matters, just as much as wage claims. And the unions have now served notice that, in their view, "a return to a planned economy" is the only way to secure greater investment, more emphasis on exports, industrial efficiency and a fair return to the working-class. They have also made it clear that, in future negotiations, increasing emphasis will be laid on proper consultation about automation and redundancy, on mobility, retraining, compensation for loss of employment and the improvement of working conditions. These questions, taken together, can be just as important to the union member as the attempt to get higher wages. Indeed, given proper consultation about them—and management, in this country, is still reluctant to admit that some of these matters are any concern of the unions—they would lead to better labour relations and the higher productivity that British industry badly needs.

For this reason, it is wrong to think that an industrial struggle will be waged in the coming months merely as a limited fight to keep money wages in line with prices. The union leaders know as well as anyone that this struggle leads to inflation, not least because employers maintain their profit margins as a percentage of costs, so that profits rise with wages. That is why they must now firmly link their wage demands to much wider objectives. This Congress has been much less a mobilisation of the unions for a new round of wage demands than a clear statement by the movement, as one of the most powerful forces in Britain to-day, that the government has to intervene effectively in the economy or allow Britain to drift into industrial stagnation and crisis. The unions realise, of course, that the economic and social policy that they want can only be fully achieved by a Labour government. But they clearly are in no mood to wait for the next election. They have told Mr. Macmillan bluntly that they can "co-operate" only on certain conditions, and that these conditions involve a reversal of his present policy.

What do they want? First, some form of control over prices, profits and dividends. Secondly, to replace the inequitable and inefficient "financial measures" by a coherent effort to secure investment in the right places. Thirdly, to end the discrimination against the nationalised industries which, as Wednesday's resolution put it, are "being used as a drag-anchor" simply because they are the only part of the economy on which the Chancellor can lay his hands without meeting opposition from private capital and industry. Finally, the unions ask that where unemployment arises, the government should try to create alternative employment for the displaced workers, and that the government should supervise the retraining and re-location of displaced workers, just as the post-war Labour government supervised the reconversion of industry from war to peace.

Mr. Macmillan may pretend that this is not his affair, that the government must let negotiations between the unions and the employers take their course—all the time, of course, keeping up a barrage of statistics and propaganda from the sidelines in an attempt to rally public opinion against the "irresponsibility" of the unions. But his affair it indubitably is. And he and his colleagues have rightly been summoned by the unions to repair the damage that has already been done to Britain's economic position. The Brighton Congress, in making this challenge, opens a new phase in trade union policy. It will be successful if, by their actions, the unions can convince the public that they stand for the national and not merely a sectional interest.

Suez : The Lesson for Socialists

What would a Labour government have done if it had been faced with the nationalisation of the Suez Canal? Some people will say that this is the kind of hypothetical question which merely diverts attention from the immediate task of lambasting the Tory government. I do not agree. The case against the government is only half the argument—and far the easier half. What really matters is that the Labour Party should work out an alternative policy, clearly envisaging all the difficulties inherent in it, and decide to overcome them.

Let us begin, then, with the awkward fact that our own Labour government sowed the seed in the Middle East of the harvest of hate which Sir Anthony has been reaping. We liberated the Indian sub-continent by a single act of statesmanship; we set West Africa on the path of independence. But, in the Arab world, we adopted exactly the mixture of force, fraud and good intentions which had been used so unsuccessfully in the 1930s. Ernest Bevin talked a great deal about raising the standard of living of the poor fellah, but the aim he pursued was the maintenance of indirect control in order to defend the oilfields. It was this aim which brought him into disastrous conflict with the Jews of Palestine and later faced Mr. Morrison first with the Abadan crisis and then with the need to reinforce the Suez base when the Egyptians repudiated the 1936 Treaty.

Why this startling contrast between Labour's policy in India and the Middle East? I think there are two reasons for it. (1) In India Mr. Attlee could grant independence by a single act of statesmanship. It was far more difficult for Mr. Bevin to eradicate the habit of indirect control over the Arab states, even if he had wanted to do so. Covert colonialism, carried out through the Foreign Office, is a far more insidious evil than overt colonial rule. (2) Ever since 1918 the Foreign Office had found that the cheapest way to run the Middle East and safeguard our oil supplies was to maintain the dynasties and ruling cliques and play them off against each other by a judicious mixture of bullying and appeasement.

NEXT WEEK

Two Reports

TOM DRIBERG

reports on television in Moscow and Prague

ALEXANDER WERTH

reports on the French crisis in North Africa

This system would, of course, collapse in the event of a British withdrawal and, in contrast with India, there were no democratic parties to take its place. As education spread, particularly since 1945, it created an intelligentsia open to Communist or Fascist ideas but identifying democracy with the corrupt stooges of Britain's indirect colonialism.

In these circumstances the Labour government decided that there was no alternative to continuing the policy of indirect colonialism. But the simultaneous rise of Arab nationalism and reduction of our military strength in the area meant that an even higher price had to be paid for the compliance of the ruling cliques. For ten years the system has been breaking up—and there was nothing to take its place.

The emergence of the revolutionary junta in Egypt four years ago was one sign of this break-up. Here was a regime which challenged covert colonialism in Egypt as Kemal had successfully challenged it in Turkey. Is Nasser a Nazi, a Fascist, a Communist or a Democrat? The same question could be asked about Kemal. The answer is that both men were ready to accept ideas, money and arms from any quarter in order to modernise their countries, raise their living standards and free them from western imperialism. Moreover Nasser, in his foreign policy, has espoused the twin ideas of pan-Arab unity and anti-Zionist activity which have been sedulously fostered by British and American representatives throughout the Middle East.

The Foreign Office attitude to Nasser has been the traditional mixture of threats and appeasement. When he remained quiet, his demands were disregarded. When he made a moderate nuisance of himself, his demands were conceded. Now he has made a major nuisance of himself, he has been threatened with war.

What a story it is! First he was sedulously wooed while Sir Winston brusquely challenged him to get us out of the Canal Zone if he could. Then, when his pillagers and saboteurs succeeded in making the base useless, Sir Winston suddenly conceded his demands and treated him as Britain's special friend. But a few months later Sir Anthony did an about-turn and backed Iraq against him by joining the Baghdad Pact. Nasser reacted first by going to Bandung and becoming a convert to neutralism; then, when his demand for arms was refused, he obtained them from Czechoslovakia. At once his nuisance value was rewarded by the Anglo-American offer to finance the Aswan Dam. But six months later the policy changed again. Now Nasser's nuisance value was regarded as excessive and, in an obvious attempt to overthrow him, the Aswan offer was abruptly withdrawn. So we come to Nasser's nationalisation of the Canal Zone, and once again the Western kaleidoscope shifts. Britain and France have decided that everything must be risked on an attempt to overthrow Nasser, while the Americans are attempting to negotiate a settlement with him.

It is easy enough to ridicule this case history of western behaviour towards an Arab ruler. But if we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that each of us privately feels the ambivalence towards Nasser which has been demonstrated so disastrously in Western policy during the last four years. We welcome his break with a corrupt, decadent past but we are alarmed by his totalitarian tendencies, and some of us at least take seriously his loud-mouthed threats against Israel and are determined to ensure they are not made good. We want to help the first Egyptian regime for centuries which has shown concern for the miserable fellah, but we are doubtful whether Nasser may not forget his social goals and merely try to create a phoney kind of Egyptian empire. We understand his resentment against the collective colonialism which seeks to impose an international regime on a canal which is essentially Egyptian; but we are uneasily aware that, if he gets away with this grab, there may be another very soon. At the moment this ambivalence is felt chiefly about Colonel Nasser, but we should feel it in just the same way about a tough, revolutionary ruler in any other Arab state. And, as long as we feel it, the series of Middle Eastern disasters which have overtaken us since 1945 will continue.

To get rid of this ambivalence we have only to ask ourselves one very simple question. Are the Western powers—the Americans, the French and ourselves—prepared, either individually or collectively, to assert a constructive trusteeship over the Middle East? If we are, then the kind of regime which rules Egypt or Saudi Arabia is our concern and we must be prepared to intervene actively and continuously in order to ensure that the Arab world, which is in our tutelage, develops towards democracy.

But merely to state this is to see its absurdity. The days of Glubb Pasha are over; anyway his kind of paternal rule frustrated social progress. It is too late for the western powers to seek to guide the Arab revolution from above. Such guidance only makes it more fiercely anti-western. So we have only two alternatives. Either we must try to maintain the old system of covert colonialism and see it break down in one state after another, or we must end it by a complete withdrawal.

In 1947, along with a few other back-benchers, I urged that we should give the Middle East the same complete independence that we gave to India. Now that the Arab revolution turns against us, this policy would be far more dangerous and might produce even greater convulsions than our withdrawal from India. Nevertheless, I believe that it is not only demanded by Socialist principle but provides the best chance of safeguarding our oil supplies. What I am suggesting is that we should withdraw the last remnants of our troops from Jordan and Iraq, as well as our subsidies to the Arab Legion, wind up the Cyprus base (which we are told is there solely to enable us to occupy the oilfields if necessary), and work for a U.N. settlement guaranteeing the frontiers of a neutral Israel. We should make it clear to the Arab states that—provided their behaviour conforms with the U.N. Charter—their foreign and defence policies are entirely their own affair. That was the line we took with India—and it worked. As for the oilfields, we should accept the pattern which Moussadek forced upon us in Persia as a model for the rest of the Middle East, conceding the right to nationalise production and retaining control only of marketing and distribution. We should completely eradicate the habit of covert colonialism, of which we are often unconscious but to which every patriotic Arab is hysterically sensitive. That way, as our experience in Asia shows, lies the only chance of achieving genuine collaboration between the Arab world and the West.

But what about the freedom of the Suez Canal? My answer is that, against the background of this kind of British policy, it would not take very long to negotiate a compromise between the 18-nation plan and Mr. Nehru's proposals.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

"AFTER ALL, SIR ANTHONY, THE EDITOR OF PRAVDA BECAME FOREIGN SECRETARY . . ."

The Affair of the Cheques

At its meeting last Friday, the French cabinet spent only five minutes discussing Suez. Its thirteen members were unanimous on the necessity for a French victory over Egypt—whether political or military. M. Pineau confined himself to informing his colleagues that they could count on the complete solidarity of Great Britain, and that all preparations were going "according to plan." But after this, the ministers had to pass on to a problem which, though nothing to do with diplomacy, had an important bearing on Suez: the "Affair of the Cheques." To understand its real significance, it is necessary to examine the reactions of French public opinion since the Suez crisis broke. When the news of the nationalisation of the canal reached France, the country was united in its indignation. "*On en a marre de ces Arabes à la fin*!" was the popular response. It is not difficult to understand why. For five years, France has been in sporadic conflict with the Arab world: Tunisia first, then Morocco, now Algeria —each in turn has dominated French politics. And each successive crisis, curiously enough, has erupted in the middle of the holidays: in August 1952, the Tunisian crisis; in August, 1953, the deportation of the Moroccan sultan; in August, 1954, the Casablanca riots; in August, 1955, the Algerian massacres. Once more, then, Arab fanaticism had broken into the *congé payé*!

The press has cleverly fanned the flames of this mood, egged on by the Suez Canal Company. Its shares in France are widely distributed among the lower middle-class—*les petits épargants*—and this fact has been rammed well and truly home. The French press has been inundated with communiqués from the Company, explaining its determination to protect the interests of its small shareholders; and all except Communist newspapers have given them the fullest coverage. *Le Monde* has been as adamant as *L'Aurore* in calling for a showdown with Nasser. The average reader saw this unanimity as the true voice of France, calling out loud and clear across the barriers of political strife. The Company itself assumed the dimensions of a national symbol.

Then, on August 30, the fellow-travelling *Libération* came out with a front-page sensation: photographs of a cheque drawn on the Banque de France and a covering letter from the Company. The paper explained that it had received the cheque the day before together with the letter, which read in part: "I realise that the publication of our communiqués can often lead to expense on the part of the newspapers, and I feel that it is right for us to contribute to it. In consequence, enclosed please find a cheque for 100,000 francs by way of contribution to your expenses for the month of August; we shall, of course, continue to participate should this prove necessary."

The Company's mistake was two-fold. First, such *douceurs* to the press are customarily made more discreetly. Secondly, *Libération* had been waging a fierce campaign in support of Egypt throughout the crisis! Why had it been sent the money? The most comical explanation is that M. Jacques Georges-Picot, the Company's managing director, is the cousin of M. Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, *Libération's* editor-in-chief. But if M. Georges-Picot thought he could rely on his cousin's discretion, he must be a very naive man. M. d'Astier seized his chance with both hands, and his revelations rocked the French press to its seedy foundations. If *Libération* got 100,000 francs, how much did the others, who had actually supported the Company, receive? And why had they kept quiet about it? Did they take it all as a matter of course? Was their anti-Nasser campaign in the national interest or simply corruption? Hastily, reluctantly, the other newspapers came clean—in part at least. Two days after *Libération's* bombshell, all the main Paris newspapers published statements: they had indeed received such cheques, and had promptly (though silently) returned them. In his statement, M. Brisson, director of the *Figaro*, struck an urbane note: "We did not wish to interpret too harshly a gesture whose friendliness and lack of judgment were equally striking." M. Lazurick, director of *L'Aurore*, was more choleric: "I learnt, on my return from holiday, that the Suez Canal Company had dared to send us a cheque for 100,000 francs. . . ." And so on. The same day, the Cairo paper *Achbar El Yom* announced that the Egyptian government had opened proceedings against the directors of the Company for misappropriation of Company funds.

At the end of the Friday cabinet meeting, a Quai d'Orsay spokesman announced that the government "profoundly deplored" the publicity received by the Affair. True enough, it had come at the worst possible moment: the dispatch of French troops to Cyprus had just been announced with triumphant trumpetings from the entire non-Communist press. Were these bellicose military preparations—extremely costly, of course—in the national interest? Most people thought so until the Affair came along. Now, however, many share an uneasy suspicion that the presence of French troops in Cyprus is not unconnected with the defence of certain very specific financial interests . . .

Having successfully maintained public opinion in a state of patriotic unanimity, the government is now terrified by the appearance of this scintilla of doubt at precisely the moment when things are moving to a climax. So far, they have had it all their own way: except for the Communists and a few intellectuals, the French Left has endorsed the military preparations enthusiastically. Even those, like M. Gaston Deferre, who favour a liberal policy in Algeria, are demanding firmness against Nasser. For once, the Socialists are unanimous; not a single warning voice has drawn attention to the consequences of military adventure in the Middle East. Two factors have contributed to this mood: the theory is widely held that a "tough" policy with Nasser will make a progressive policy in Algeria possible; and secondly the Socialists are obsessed with "the Munich complex". On the first point, it is argued that France cannot initiate negotiations with the Algerian rebels without losing face: "If we refuse to negotiate, more and more Algerians will come to hate us. But if we surrender to Ferhat Abbas and Ben Bella, we will be despised throughout North Africa. On the other hand, should we inflict a striking defeat on Nasser, the world will know that France is still a power in the Arab world, and that she negotiates from strength, not weakness." Not everyone is convinced by this theory; but it is backed up by the Munich argument. As M. Pineau (never noted for his modesty) told his listeners last Sunday, if he had been foreign minister in 1936, he would have resisted the re-occupation of the Rhineland, and so prevented the war and the death of 20 million people!

The Right, of course, has prodded on the war hysteria with unconcealed satisfaction. Inside the cabinet, M. Bourgès-Maunoury is its most vocal spokesman. Outside, Pierre Poujade is preaching race-war. For many months these men have been urging that the quickest way to solve the Algerian problem is to bombard Alexandria. In the middle of June they even demanded it openly in the Assembly, and forced M. Pineau—paradoxically enough—to make a long speech defending Nasser and demonstrating that there was no parallel between him and Hitler! At that time, the Socialists were united in rejecting such bellicose solutions. Now they are making the running themselves. As for Mendès-France, who is still on holiday, he has kept a discreet silence, apart from a sybilline pronouncement immediately after the seizure of the canal, urging that, whatever happened, France, Britain and America should act in concert. Today, such advice can be interpreted in two ways.

There are, finally, a few senior government officials who are disturbed at the possible consequences, both military and political, of an expedition to Suez. But they keep their doubts to themselves. The readers of *France-Soir* and the *Figaro* know nothing of these, nor of the pacifist declarations of President Eisenhower, nor of the widening split in British public opinion. Were it not, indeed, for the lamentable Affair of the Cheques, they would doubtless have continued to believe that France's cause against Nasser was *pure comme le ciel de Provence.*

Paris. K. S. Karol

London Diary

It is almost monotonous. I can't say how many people have greeted me this week with some such remark as "Are we all quite mad?" Further conversation may show that they are referring to the British and French military build-up in the Mediterranean, but more often that they are talking about the affair of Nina Ponomareva. Sometimes they include the news that we as well as the Russians and Americans are apparently bent on practising with nuclear weapons; sometimes they refer in passing to the weird fact that our reputedly under-staffed police force are spending a great deal of time and trouble in collecting the vulgar postcards which are one of the traditional amenities of our seaside resorts.

* * *

The first to tell me the British were mad was an American friend just come back from the Continent. Did Eden really think he could put in a British stooge instead of Nasser? He had had a casual conversation with an educated Egyptian in Italy. Nasser, he said, was his hero. If the British set foot on Egyptian soil he, his wife and his boy of 15 would all at once join up with the irregulars. "But," said my friend, "Why do you have to think like that? Menzies and Loy Henderson are offering a perfectly good compromise which will fully safeguard Egyptian dignity." The Egyptian replied: "If Nasser surrenders any bit of control to the British I will kill him with my own hands". Silly talk, of course, but, I think, typical.

* * *

The affair Nina could, one would have said, only have been invented by P. G. Wodehouse. It has every element of farce, and if it had not deprived many thousands of persons of an afternoon's enjoyment, cost the *News of the World* £20,000 or so, and incidentally done incalculable damage to Anglo-Russian relations, we should all be laughing our heads off. It is as if everyone concerned was trying to outdo everyone else in silliness. Honours seem divided between C. & A. and the Soviet Embassy. *Pravda* may really think that the Foreign Office can just ring up the magistrate or the police to drop a case for political reasons. But I can scarcely believe that the

Soviet Embassy in London should suffer from any such illusion or really think the whole affair was a "dirty provocation". By failing to put in an appearance in court, Nina lost the opportunity of pleading that she had made a mistake, compelled the magistrate to take out a warrant, and therefore turned what would have been a trivial and comic incident into an international imbroglio.

* * *

But that is only half of the story. Most people, I find, are much more incensed by the absurdity of ever bringing the charge at all. As Nina has never been in court no one knows what happened about her hats. Nor is it known why the store detective and manager, who stopped and questioned Nina, did not exercise their discretion when they found that she was a foreigner who did not understand English and who was just the kind of suspect who was most likely to be able successfully to plead a mistake. Odder still that they did not exercise their discretion about taking the case to court when they knew who she was. They have full discretion. After the war shoplifting became so common that one well-known London magistrate visited the larger stores to see if they were doing all that could be done to check it. One store whose arrangements he criticised was C. & A. Modes. As a result, this store tightened its system. At the same time a High Court action which was initiated by the stores themselves revealed that when a store detective arrests a suspected shoplifter he is not bound to hand the offender over to the police. In fact, if the offender is, say, a young boy playing a prank or an elderly lady who seems to have become flustered or is absent-minded, he or she can be questioned in the manager's office, warned and released. That this procedure was not followed has seemed to most people, including press reporters and the English athletes, the most ridiculous part of the whole absurd affair.

* * *

A friend who recently travelled behind the Iron Curtain with an English football team tells me that in the celebrations after one match some of the English players smashed a showcase outside their hotel and when challenged by a policeman chased him round the town's main square in an attempt to remove his trousers. Even less agreeable to relate, some other members of the team, short of the native currency, defied local regulations by selling spare shirts, mackintoshes and tins of coffee on the black market. Nobody was arrested for these offences, and officials merely mentioned them to my friend with a suggestion that he might like to have a quiet word with the team. Obviously, the official knew better than to risk an international upset in order to preserve his country's black market regulations, his town's showcases or even his policeman's dignity. I feel that, proud though we are of the integrity of our legal system, we shall look rather absurd abroad when this behaviour is set against pictures of squads of plain and uniformed police waiting to pounce on Nina if she puts her head out of the door of the Soviet Embassy. This situation may continue until the Director of Public Prosecutions changes his mind. A British subject, accused of an offence in Russia, remained immured for years in the British Embassy in Moscow before the Russians decided to forget about it!

* * *

I am told that children can already be heard in the streets chanting

Ina Nina Mina Mo
Catch an athlete by her toe
If she's Soviet let her go
Ina Nina Mina Mo.

Probably the most interesting revelation in the Duchess of Windsor's story of the Abdication (serialised in the *Sunday Express*) is that it was the Royal Family itself and not the Cabinet which made things tough for the Windsors. When Churchill became Premier in 1940 the Duke expected to be given a war job. Had not Churchill risked ridicule in the critical days in 1936 by standing as the "King's friend" in the House of Commons? Sure enough, Winston sent a special plane to fetch the Duke and Duchess from Portugal where they had taken refuge from Hitler's army. But the Duke would return only if the Duchess was to be received at least once as an equal by the Royal Family and, in spite of trying, Churchill failed to bring this off. After much cabling the Duke accepted the appointment as Governor of the Bahamas offered apologetically by the Premier. He was not snubbed for constitutional but for family reasons. Whether the Duchess would ever have chosen to be the wife of an ex-king wandering about the world is not clear from her memoirs. It sounds all right to have plenty of money and not to be burdened with a crown, but when we say, as most of us do, that we cannot imagine a more boring job we may forget that losing a crown is a very different thing from not having one. You probably have a pain where the crown was, as they say people do when they have lost a leg. As it is, the Duke and Duchess are treated everywhere with a foolish and burdensome reverence. A friend of mine was recently staying in one of the big luxury hotels of Europe when it became known that the Windsors were arriving. A great suite of rooms was prepared with an elaboration I could scarcely have believed if my friend had not been on the spot and watched it. An army of cleaners and decorators took charge, the rooms were completely repapered and painted. When the job was finished my friend was asked if she would like to see the furniture. "The furniture?" she asked, "what's special about that?" It was then explained that, in order to receive their Royal Highnesses properly, complete sets of valuable furniture had been hired from an antique dealer for their visit.

* * *

The supplement, *New Minds for the New World*, which we publish this week, is one of the most important documents to appear in this or any other journal in recent years. Its author examines, with precision and detailed knowledge, the facts about scientific and technical training in Britain, America, the Soviet Union and other countries. He disposes of the cherished myth that a general "arts" education creates the type of mind which is best capable of dealing with the complexities of our age. He also shows that British education is, in fact, not the most "general" but the most specialised in the world today. The Russians, who now produce every year more advanced scientifically educated persons than the United States, Britain and western Europe together, insist on a cultural as well as a scientific educational background. The whole of their education is geared to the scientific outlook, while ours has still its traditional classical bias. The central, disturbing, fact is that the Russians have now more than 250,000 science teachers where we have less than 20,000. The moral of this has nothing to do with war. The Russians and the rest of the Communist world now regard war as a ludicrously wasteful road to Communism. Marx, you recall, complained that philosophers were content to interpret the world; their job was to change it. The Russians now hold that to change the world you must take the trouble to understand it.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

FOLIES PARISIENNE
SEE! NUDES IN THE WATERFALL
DARING FAN DANCE. VIRGIN AND THE DEVIL
Sensational Dance of the Strip Apache
Les Beaux Mannequins de Parisienne
Continental and Oriental Nudes
Old Age Pensioners Monday.
Advert in *Ashby Times*. (B. H. Wragg.)

Air Ministry experts lead by 112 points to 111 in their August weather forecasting duel with Mr. Harry Boon, of Cleethorpes, whose guide is the behaviour of gnats.—*News Chronicle*. (R. E. Seats.)

So many of the cards before the court were sold that the buyers represented the average man's point of view, he claimed. And what the average man wants cannot be called immoral.—*Daily Herald*. (G. M. Moger.)

Yesterday I went to the Victoria with my sister, and barely ten people were in the cinema at the finish of the National Anthem. Is this ignorance or the decline of the human race?—Letter in *Derbyshire Times*. (Philip Holgate.)

The I.G.Y.

WHAT is the International Geophysical Year? Last week, Professor Sidney Chapman of Alaska University gave some details of this vast scientific enterprise—which will cost about £100 million—to the 3,300 people attending the British Association. Fifty nations are co-operating in this all-over-the-world scientific survey, which will last from next July to the end of 1958. Simultaneous observations will be made of the weather, of the earth's magnetism, of the polar lights or aurora, and of the ionosphere, the electrified "ceiling" which reflects back the radio-waves and makes world-wide broadcasting and telecommunications possible. Since these are all affected by the changes and upheavals on the face of the sun, intensive solar studies are to be made. The earth is being continuously bombarded by cosmic rays, atomic particles from outer space, so a systematic study is to be made of those—not just because of their own nature but because they are affected by the sun and by the earth's magnetism and can tell us something about our planet and its near surroundings.

Oceans cover three-quarters of the earth and we still know very little about them—less than we know about the moon. Glaciers still cover a tenth of the land area and lock up a vast amount of water. The melting of former glaciers has raised the sea-level and altered the boundaries of the continents. The present rise in sea-level due to glacier-melt is about four inches a century but a complete thaw would raise the level of the oceans by 100 feet, which would swamp considerable parts of the earth's continents, and drown some of its largest cities.

More is to be found out about the upper atmosphere—including the "jet-streams" which are air-currents, sometimes with a speed of 100 miles an hour, affecting aviation and weather—and about the ionosphere. Up there are "winds" which affect transmissions and which can be studied by the behaviour of meteors and by sending radar signals to echo off the moon, picking up information on the way out and back. For this sort of exploration, science has new instruments. "Rockoons" are to be sent up—rockets carried up by balloons (to save initial power) and released at high altitudes, which carry detecting

instruments and transmitters to signal their information on a further journey into space. A more spectacular version of this is "The Mouse," an American artificial satellite. This man-made moon will be about 30 inches in diameter and with its enclosed instruments will weigh about 20 lb. It is to be launched from a U.S. Air Force base on the coast of Florida by three-stage rocket. The first stage, taking about two minutes, will give it a speed of 4,000 miles an hour. Forty miles up, part of the rocket will drop away and a second rocket will take over and carry it to 130 miles and to a speed of 11,000 miles an hour. The third and last relay will take it to 300 miles and to a speed of 18,000 miles an hour. At this speed it will continue in an orbit which may range between 200 and 1,500 miles of the earth, crossing the equator every hour and a half.

Now, as never before, we have radio-astronomy —the new science which has developed, mainly through British initiative, since the war. By using radar techniques, meteors can be tracked and recorded even in daylight and in a sky covered by clouds; and the behaviour of meteors is a source of information about the conditions they are encountering. The great new radio-telescopes can also pick up signals from cosmic sources, invisible and beyond the range of the optical telescopes of conventional astronomy. "Accounts" are being received of a star which exploded and was noted by the Chinese at the time when the Normans were invading England. Transmissions which have taken hundreds of millions of years to reach the earth are telling of the births and deaths of stars and of collisions of galaxies (like our Milky Way) in which myriads of stars weave through each other like a celestial tattoo—and send out radio-signals in the process. All this, as we heard at the B.A., is enabling scientists to chart unseen stars in the heavens and settle the old arguments about the expanding universe, "continuous creation" and other conflicting theories.

Another fascinating development, apposite to the problems of the International Geophysical Year, is the study of "rock-magnetism". This prosaic term disguises exciting new information about "wandering poles" and "drifting continents" and shows that our world was once a very different piece of geography from that with which we are familiar. Professor P. M. S. Blackett, next year's President of the Association, introduced a discussion of researches which were mainly his inspiration. This new knowledge depends on the fact that when sedimentary rocks were laid down at various intervals in our geological history, rocks containing iron behaved like the needles of magnets—the iron crystals pointed in the direction of the magnetic poles. If the alignment of those crystals is studied it is found that the relationship to the poles varied at different times. The North Pole "wandered" from a position in the middle of the United States, across the Pacific and curved towards its present position. A survey of the New Red Sandstone Series of rocks in Britain shows that about 180 million years ago the rocks were magnetised in a North-East/South-Westerly direction, proving that Britain has moved a considerable distance northwards and has rotated in a clockwise direction relative to the axis of the earth. Similar work done in South Africa, Australia, India and the United States indicates that South Africa was once in the Northern Hemisphere, about 2,500 miles from the North Pole. Tasmania, 90 to 120 million years ago, was within 10° latitude of the South Pole and moved to its present position comparatively recently—a mere 50 million years ago. India too was much nearer the South Pole.

All this brings up with vigorous new emphasis the Wegener theory of Continental Drift. This violently disputed theory was propounded over 40 years ago by a German scientist who argued that the land-mass of the world broke up like pieces of a jig-saw and that the continents drifted apart like rafts on a sea of basalt. In 1950 at the Birmingham meeting of the B.A., a full-scale battle was staged on "Continental Drift" by the phalanxes of Geology, Zoology, Geography and Botany, and the majority seemed to be against it. But, as Professor Blackett pointed out at Sheffield, the evidence of rock magnetism did not then exist and the theory now becomes more plausible.

These considerations show that the International Geophysical Year studies involve a great deal more than the 20 expeditions—including the heavily mounted ones of the Americans, the Russians and the British—which are to operate in Antarctica. Indeed that is probably the one area where the "I.G.Y." will produce competition rather than co-operation. This might underline the arguments already voiced in the Commons that Antarctica should be put under U.N. control before governments start squabbling about the mineral wealth which is undoubtedly there.

Sheffield. RITCHIE CALDER

Fleet Street Notebook

ANYONE so rash as to aim at an objective view of the progress of the Suez crisis by reading *all* the papers during the past week needs a clear head, a strong nerve and an allergy to black headlines. Consider, for instance, the first news that French troops were going to Cyprus. I confess that until I saw for myself I would have found it difficult to conceive an editor who would not in the circumstances of the time regard this as news of vital importance to his readers. And, in fact, all but two of the national newspapers led with it. But two decided not. They came to the conclusion (do not ask me why) that all it rated was a small paragraph tucked away down column. An odd decision: an even odder partnership. The names of the two newspapers? The *Daily Sketch* —and *The Times*. I hope Printing House Square likes its company.

Only the *Manchester Guardian* had a leader. "The government," it said, "is unwrapping the cottonwool from around its sabre." By the following day some of the others had awakened to the fact that this was not only news but a significant act of policy. The *Herald* described it as "reckless and wrong", the *News Chronicle* as "pointless and gratuitous", the *Express* as a bold decision expressing the "united resolve of two peoples to defend their vital interests". United is the key word. Evidently other newspapers are not read in the *Express* office.

But the day was again made notable by another memorable leader in the *Guardian* defining with even more force than previously the gathering danger and issuing the strong warning, "The government seems to be preparing to go to war immediately if the Menzies mission fails". It asked what the policy on which the government seemed bent would cost and answered: "a damaged American alliance, a broken Commonwealth, the waste of many British and Commonwealth lives, economic isolation of Britain and France or the end of the United Nations, no oil and an open door to Russia in the Middle East. Sir Anthony will have made Britain truly great." This leader the *Mirror* reproduced on its front page the following day, thus carrying the *Guardian's* words to 5,000,000 readers.

By Saturday *The Times* had concluded that another word was necessary from it. But how different a word from earlier ones. Those readers of previous *Times* leaders advocating unilateral and military action and deploring the folly of bringing in the United Nations or even calling the London conference must have been astonished to read on Saturday that although *The Times* still thinks the U.N. dilatory and ineffective: "Whatever international control is eventually brought about by negotiation or otherwise should certainly be under the ægis of the United Nations and the sooner the United Nations is informed of what has happened the better". The *Telegraph* remained unreconciled to such nonsense. It managed to publish a column length leader on that day on "Force in the Modern World" which omitted even a passing reference to the U.N. but stated flatly: "If Nasser attempts to enforce his sole control of the Canal, force must be used".

Sunday brought another day of remarkable reading. The *Observer* published over most of its centre page a leading article which began by bestowing blame all round, went on to express the belief that our wisest course was to give Nasser time to convince the rest of the Arab states that he was as big a menace to them as to us and concluded by saying that to "threaten or use force before Nasser has isolated himself" would be to unite Communism and Asian nationalism against us. The *Sunday Pictorial* devoted the whole of its front page to asking "What is Eden up to: Is it War with Egypt?" and *Reynolds* gave front page prominence to its Editor's demand: "Recall M.P.s now". It was more surprising and less pleasant to find Aidan Crawley, now a *Sunday Graphic* columnist, slamming the United Nations, "a cloak for international anarchy", and urging that if the Menzies negotiations fail Britain and France should immediately occupy the canal zone on their own: "This means war with Egypt. But it is a war which can be localised."

The most fascinating spectacle of the Sunday press was the *Dispatch*, whose readers were given a refreshing if not wholly expected demonstration of the principles of press freedom on which I congratulate the editor and its proprietor, Lord Rothermere. The leader commending the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary for their firmness declared "Sir Anthony and Mr. Lloyd have acted throughout as statesmanlike citizens of the world". Next door the *Dispatch's* political columnist, Alastair Forbes, in one of the most forceful pieces on the crisis that has yet appeared, accused Sir Anthony of following policies that might once "have secured his impeachment".

Things were quieter on Monday. But on Tuesday the *Daily Mirror*, which has left no one in doubt of its opinions almost from the beginning, came out with one of those surprises which make it so remarkable and, on its own terms, at times a great paper. It turned the whole of its front and back page into a placard setting out in the boldest possible form the warnings of the danger of the Eden policy given by many public men and newspapers. It headed the double page with the quotation in large type "Are they all Liars and Scaremongers?" The whole thing must have come as a shock to some *Mirror* readers—but a salutary one. It was left to the *Sketch* to attempt a reply the following day. Sir Anthony, explained the *Sketch*, dividing its front page between a defence of the Prime Minister and a photograph of Marilyn Monroe ("Gyna doc sees her—is it a baby?"), was the subject of a "hate vendetta". Critics of his Suez policy were not concerned with principle. "It is simply personal." Not a very convincing explanation.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Stiff Whites

In the United States, whenever it was demanded aggressively of me as an Englishman what were my intentions towards India, I knew that a discussion of the colour-problem was about to come up. It was a subject, curious though I was about it, that some feelings of delicacy prevented me from raising myself. Yet one lived with it all the time, rather as though under the extreme edge of a thunder-cloud; oneself, one was safe enough and in the dry, but there, not so far away, all too audibly the thunder rolled, all too vividly the lightning flashed. "You'll find," time and again I was told with flat decision, "you'll find we have no colour-problem in *this* city, *this* university"—meaning the small Mid-West town (population about half of that of the university) where I lived and taught. And it was true, in a negative sort of way, true because there were far too few Negroes about to cause a problem. Of the student-body of 12,000, perhaps a hundred were Negroes: they came from the state immediately south of us, a state technically Southern, which did not mind educating its clever young coloured men, but found it more convenient to do so by buying them return tickets to the nearest university north of the Mason-Dixon Line. That was us.

There was only one resident Negro family in the town, that of Mr. Johnson, who ran the shoe-shine parlour: he'd been born in the town and so was one of us. He told me how it came about. In the days before The War Between the States the town had been an important point on the underground railway for runaway slaves to the North; you were shown the hollow pillars of the old state senate house in which the slaves were hidden while being smuggled through. Most of the slaves passed straight through the town; indeed all did except one, who looked about him, liked what he saw, and stayed: he was Mr. Johnson's father.

Mr. Johnson rarely shone shoes himself; his sons did that; his function was to flick the counter with his duster while he made suitable conversation with the customers. But my shoes he always shone, I suppose because I was an Englishman and perhaps because the relative positions of shiner and shinee in an American shoe-shine parlour make for intimacy of talk. Mr. Johnson did not talk to me about India; as a Negro he had no feelings of guilt about the colour-problem; instead, he talked to me about the position of the Negro in America. White, he would undoubtedly have been what is called in the States a fine citizen; he was, one might say, a natural Rotarian, a born Elk or Kiwani. He had no grumbles, only the one great grumble: being a Negro was the check—the most effective of all checks—to his business ambitions. He'd done all right, he wasn't complaining, but—he'd been an officer in the U.S. Army during the world war, one of the very few Negro officers, and the maximum scope America allowed him was to run the largest, most popular shoe-shine parlour in the town. Scope was what Mr. Johnson wanted. "You know what?" he said to me one morning, rubbing the velvet pad across the caps of my shoes; "I'll tell you something I'd not tell any other man in all this town." I waited. "Five years, and I'll make my getaway." He paused; and then: "In five years I'll have saved enough to get us all to Rio." "Rio?" I asked, puzzled, and wondering whether Mr. Johnson knew Portuguese. But inability to speak Portuguese would be no impediment to Mr. Johnson. "Yes sir. Rio. No colour-bar in Rio. In Rio there's scope for a business man like me."

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It was during the second half of the summer session that the colour-problem raised its ugly head in the university, and I saw how the university fought back. On the first morning of the second half, as I walked into my classroom to face a new batch of students, there, sitting immediately in front of my desk, was what I had not encountered before: a tall Negro, middle-aged, rather blacker than one usually finds in America, wearing a dazzlingly white shirt. After the lecture he introduced himself: Lincoln Grant, A.M., teacher of English in a high school in a New England mill town, studying for a Ph.D.

I learned a great deal from Mr. Grant. He used to take me out in his old car. At first I couldn't understand him: he talked of nothing but the Ph.D. he hoped to get; it seemed an obsession with him. I remonstrated, and learnt my first lesson. Was a Ph.D. so important? I wanted to know, and had the answer: without one, he wouldn't get a rise in salary. Then I had my second lesson. For years he had spent his summers in one university after another trying to get his Ph.D. "You see," he explained, "they make it as difficult as they can for us; if they didn't, they'd be swamped out by coloured students." It was becoming progressively more difficult for Negroes to get Ph.D.s in eastern universities. That was why he had come to us: Negro students were few; there might be a chance. Not that he'd received any cordial welcome when he registered; they'd wanted to know why from all the other universities in the country he'd picked them.

He was a very good student; from me he got an alpha. I would like to report also that he got his Ph.D. He didn't. As soon as he knew, he called on me and took me for a drive. He was philosophic about it, and magnificently fair-minded. It wasn't, he said, that they had any colour-prejudice, they simply didn't want the colour-problem to arise, and if they'd given him his Ph.D., other Negroes would have been after them next year. Himself, he'd try elsewhere next summer, push on in his old car farther west. Then he gave me my third lesson in being a Negro. "The trouble is, though you know you really rate a Ph.D., after you've been pushed around year after year you can't help sometimes wondering whether you're good enough. To do as well as a white man a coloured boy's got to be better. It's no use being just as good."

From the Middle West I went on to New York. There I made friends with a man who had many Negro friends. He took me to Harlem, to one of Father Divine's Heavens. We watched the angels, presided over by Father Divine himself—in appearance very much a coffee-coloured Lenin without the beard, neat in a light grey flannel suit and a red tie with a horse-shoe pin—and Mother Mary his wife, tuck into their free meal of lamb chop and French fried. It looked excellent. Naturally, as rubber-necks we weren't offered a helping. The angels ate steadily on, while outside the banqueting arena members of the congregation shouted "Peace, Lord it's wonderful!" burst out into occasional dance steps and went off on long rambling confessions of former sins, all this punctuated with strange cries of "Bam! bam!" When the meal was over a five-piece band hotted up some hymns and then Father Divine talked to us. He didn't claim to be God, though his disciples were doing so continually, even while he was speaking. He told us to work hard, be honest, sober, kind, and remember we were in Heaven, for Heaven was all round us. We watched the Father and Mother Mary leave in a remarkably splendid motor. Everyone was very civil; people shouted "Peace, Lord" at us as we left and we shouted "Peace, Lord" back; and at the door a white-and-woolly-haired old Negro bade me come again, brother.

A few evenings later, my friend gave a small party for a young Negro writer whose novel had made some stir. Apart from my host and myself, the only white person present was a middle-aged woman whose behaviour seemed to me to be abominable. She spent the entire party at the piano, playing and singing spirituals. From time to time she'd call across to me, "Isn't this one just da-arling!" or "Now this is one you'll *love*!" As the evening wore on I became more and more angry; my face burned for the stupidity of the woman, until at last I began to feel as I fancied the coloured people present must feel, as though I had a skin too few and her insufferable patronage was rubbing salt into unhealed wounds two hundred years old.

In fact, she was ignored, and she went playing happily on until the party broke up quite early, for the novelist had to go on the night shift at the hotel in whose kitchens he worked. We were alone, my host and I. "What did you think of her?" He jerked his head towards the empty piano stool. "I thought she was the most appalling, insensitive woman I've ever met," I said. He smiled tolerantly. "It's rather a pathetic case," he answered. "Why?" I demanded indignantly. "Well you see—you wouldn't be able to spot anything even though I've told you; but the fact is, she's just passed over."

WALTER ALLEN

The Arts and Entertainment

The Brecht Theatre

Of the plays which Brecht's Berliner Ensemble have brought to the Palace Theatre, I think that *Mother Courage* is the one most likely to appeal to those who, like myself, do not know German well enough to follow it on the stage. Its idiom is the nearest to our own of the three; the narrative is fairly clear and enough of the numerous scenes are intelligible in their action and atmosphere alone. It is a fascinating, odd play and has two wonderful acting parts. First, Mother Courage herself, the *vivandière* who drags her waggon of slops behind the Armies through the Europe of the Thirty Years' War and, second, Kattrin, her mute daughter. Helene Weigel plays Mother Courage with an unemphatic and quiet authority; and her two big emotional scenes are unforgettable. The first is when she has bargained for her son's life and has heard him shot before her last offer is accepted. The body is brought in and she has to pretend not to recognise it. She comes across with a smile on her face and shakes her head; and then the smile (no longer seen by the soldiers) changes imperceptibly into a rictus of grief, somehow without her changing the shape of her mouth. Then, at the end of the play, when she has lost her daughter, she ages and greys, again almost imperceptibly, before our eyes. The performance of Angelika Hurwicz as the mute daughter is also remarkably genuine, touching and memorable without being over-emphatic.

About this vivid, moving, though uneven saga-play I wrote at length enthusiastically when it was first done by Theatre Workshop last year: and I did not find that the German version diminished my enthusiasm or modified my criticisms. Decidedly slow and long drawn out for our tastes in the first half (which lasts for two hours), it both broadens out and gathers pace in its shorter second half. *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk* is a little harder on the non-German speaking, for its idiom is stranger. A free version of a German version of a Chinese play, it still retains a good deal of the Chinese tradition about its approach. One has to be prepared to yield one's sophistication to the bare simplicity of its narrative style. There are two stories only vaguely connected. The first, of a maid-servant rescuing the abandoned baby of a Governor's wife seems to me rather pointless and empty, though it provides a few good comic scenes. The second, and shorter, *The Judge's Story*, just because it is more complex perhaps, seemed to me very much more interesting. It begins with a superb scene in which three soldiers of the Palace guard—fine, fruity figures of evil, these—weigh a rascal they have picked up against the Prince's nephew, and put him on the judge's seat. The staging of these scenes—the masks and the semi-mime acting—were really thrilling. *Trumpets and Drums* I recommend the least; it is a light-hearted romp of the kind which all permanent and semi-permanent companies enjoy putting on, but it depends much more than the others on a knowledge of the language.

The Berliner Ensemble has been so highly praised and puffed by the idolaters before its arrival that many people may be expecting something more revolutionary and striking in the productions than they will actually see. I will risk a chilling note and give it as my opinion that, while this admirable company is not quite as good as Stratford-on-Avon at its very best—the Ashcroft-Redgrave *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Gielgud *Lear*, the Olivier *Macbeth*, the Peter Brook *Measure for Measure*—they are as good as, if no better than, Stratford at its best but one. The luxury allowance of five *months'* rehearsal, which their State affords, allows them to reach the highest standards of team acting (though by the middle of a season a Stratford company would seem no less united); but no amount of rehearsal, of course, can turn competent actors into brilliant ones. This ensemble, like every other repertory company, has its weaknesses; but they are certainly not glaring and the acting has the sincerity and conviction which one expects to find, and indeed does find, in any serious company.

Their style is (deliberately) mixed, the extremes of realism and stylised mime going on side by side, and songs are interspersed at intervals. (These latter seem so appropriate to the whole and fit in so naturally into Brecht's saga form that the device of dropping an emblem from the flys before and after the song strikes me as an affectation.) That cohesion of style for which the company is famous is rather different, then, from what we usually understand by the term; it is, indeed, rather hard to define, but I do see it to be there, and it is this—rather than any striking effects either of acting, stage-craft or scene design—which gives the productions their strength. The stage designs and effects were less showy than I had anticipated, though none the worse for that. The revolving stage, brought all the way over from East Germany, was only essential, it seemed to me, for the device of having Mother Courage and her waggon (and Grusha, the servant girl, in *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*) tramp along against the revolve. This trick is not, of course, new, but it is used to produce a remarkably stirring picture in the Mother Courage scene. The setting consists of a vast white cyclorama and then a variety of props or backcloths to suggest the constant changes of scene. This again will not be a novelty to audiences familiar with our best Shakespearean productions. The best of the designs seemed to me to be a striking backcloth in *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, a white silk hanging with a towering hill-city drawn on it. The least successful were the small houses and cottages in both the plays, which were in a rather vulgarly

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picture-postcard style. The rest are appropriate but not particularly imaginative. Personally, I found that this white cyclorama and its adjuncts, though specially effective as a background for the drabberies of *Mother Courage,* palled after it had been seen three times running.

Brecht's use of lighting has been much talked of; but the only unusual thing about his contribution here seems to be that sometimes (but not always) he reverts to a pre-dimmer switch practice of not varying the lighting to indicate changes of time and mood. *Mother Courage,* for example, is played in an unvarying light (not a white glare as I had been led to believe, but a pleasant light with cast shadows) and a character will grope through this light to find a lantern to read a perfectly visible letter by. This unrealism would be perfectly acceptable if it were not contradicted by other effects of realism—in the same scene, for instance, the wind machine is working non-stop off-stage. If one realistic effect, why not another?

Indeed, I don't really grasp Brecht's intentions about the mixture of styles. He seems to have been quite arbitrary in his choice, whether of masks or no masks, naturalism or mime, realism or non-realism. As another example of this, in *Mother Courage* great care has been taken with most of the detail to make it as life-like as possible, the blood on bloody faces looks as real as can be, a cook peels real carrots with real water, the clothes look as if they have been as thoroughly through the mill of the Thirty Years' War as their wearers, but the people, even Mother Courage herself, all have the well whitened hands—and faces, many of them—of a civilisation that can indulge in Constant Hot Water, and when a character who has tramped Europe for several years unwinds the rags that serve as shoes, he reveals feet of a cleanliness that would do credit to a detergent advertisement. Such details would be thought careless in an English production, but they may, of course, here be serving some specific theoretical purpose.

But certainly as a producer Brecht had some of the wilfulness that we see in an equally fine producer like Tyrone Guthrie. Indeed I think these two are very comparable in their strength and weaknesses. Both can produce wonderfully exciting dramatic sequences; both are capable of spoiling some of them by a piece of calculated oddity or idiocy. Guthrie might easily have conceived that delightful scene in *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* where the guests are all crammed tight into one small room, nor would Guthrie have resisted (as Peter Brook might have done) the over-playing of the drunk monk. Guthrie might have easily directed the superb scene in *Mother Courage* where the mute daughter climbs on to a barn roof with a drum and warns the troops below of the presence of an enemy; and Guthrie might, too, have half-spoiled it, as Brecht does, by distracting us at the same time with a piece of irrelevant and indifferent mime elsewhere on the stage. Both in their best moments can be simple, direct and wonderfully telling by the most economical means; both allow their comics to overdo it; both have a *penchant*—Guthrie's stronger than Brecht's—for those blithering old seniles who always raise a laugh from the groundlings.

Has Brecht's stagecraft anything instructive to offer us? In the more limited sense of bringing something quite original to production which our theatre has not attempted before, I think perhaps not. But in general, of course, yes. For it is always refreshing to see the approach of a great talent to his art, and Brecht was obviously in the top flight of present-day producers.

T. C. WORSLEY

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Edinburgh Drama

MR. ROBERT PONSONBY, who has this year taken over the reins at Edinburgh from Mr. Ian Hunter, is credited with the desire to build up the dramatic side of the Festival. Certainly this has for long been the weakest element in the programmes. Language, of course, is the prime obstacle. We may know enough French to follow *La dame aux camélias,* even enough German to struggle through a heavily cut version of *Faust,* Part I; if not, we can always fall back on memories of Verdi and Gounod; but what shall we make of drama from Spain or Italy, Norway or Yugoslavia? The more enterprising the importation, the greater the risk of empty seats.

It was, therefore, bold of Mr. Ponsonby to engage the Piccolo Teatro di Milano for a week of Goldoni and Pirandello. Fortunately, his boldness and flair have been well rewarded. When I saw Goldoni's *Arlecchino: The Servant of Two Masters,* the house was packed, although it was not the first night but a mid-week matinée; and the continuous laughter and applause suggested that this might prove to be the big success of the Festival. I confess that I approached the Lyceum Theatre with some misgivings. I value the Commedia dell' arte more for all that it gave rise to—above all, for the opera buffa of Mozart and Donizetti and Rossini—than for its naked self. There is something, to me, a little intimidating about the whole business: the masks, the learned fun, the high-class custard-pie, the very litany of dread names—Tartaglia, Brighella, Smeraldina, Il Dottore, Pantalone; and for a few minutes after the rise of the curtain my fears were not dispelled. The whole company pranced forward on their platform and presented themselves—with marvellous agility, of course—for our inspection; some were masked, some not; all grinned, all capered; Harlequin himself, his eyes gleaming behind a shiny brown cat's mask, was for ever assuming a new "hoop-la" attitude of legs and feet, a kind of theatrical shadow-boxing which was brilliant and perfectly timed, but promised to become exhausting before three long acts were over. And then, suddenly, after ten minutes or so, we all collapsed into a state of helpless wonder, merriment, joy. What was unrolling before our eyes was not quite a play and not quite acting as we commonly think of these things, but a glorious medley and compendium of everything that the fantastic ingenuity of man has ever devised for the beguilement and amusement of his fellow-men: acrobatics and juggling, singing and dancing, pantomime and circus, Mack Sennett and Charlie Chaplin, all were there, and the whole mad *divertissement* took place within a framework of beauty. There was beauty for the eye in the casual-seeming design of Ezio Frigerio, with its flimsy, sand-coloured curtains and backcloth of ruins; beauty for the ear in the amazingly rapid, clear and pure Italian of Valentina Fortunato, who for most of the play impersonated a man. Beauty of style was everywhere perceptible in the direction of Giorgio Strehler; and as for Marcello Moretti, the Arlecchino, he achieved at the end of Act II a farcical climax which, while it made us gape with wonder and ache with laughter, was itself a thing of physical beauty too. This was the famous set scene in which Harlequin, having engaged himself to two masters, finds himself obliged to serve two simultaneous and highly complicated meals to two separate parties, offstage left and offstage right. Plates and puddings hurtle through the air and are miraculously caught just before they hit the ground; a fearful brute of a jelly not only wobbles but communicates its wobbling to the distracted servant; disaster perpetually threatens and is perpetually averted at the last moment by some impossible feat of legerdemain; confusion mounts in a pattern of *sempre crescendo, sempre accelerando* until the moment when Harlequin catches *three* dishes at once, one apparently on his back, and races off in triumph while the curtain falls and the audience wipes its eyes in such a transport of pure theatrical glee as it has not known since childhood.

At the Assembly Hall there was soberer fare: *Henry V,* vigorously played by the company from the Stratford Festival of Ontario. This was a thoroughly sound and enjoyable performance, marred only by something which mars almost all current Shakespearean acting and is so common as to be taken for granted by modern audiences. I mean poor speaking and downright inaudibility. Like most of their English colleagues, the Canadians often ignore metre or sense, or both; to indicate excitement they simply shout, pouring the words out in a meaningless jumble. Moreover, all the French roles were delivered in a sort of Yvonne Arnaud English, which may perhaps be appropriate in bi-lingual Canada, but is merely tiresome in England. (I except, of course, the episode in which the French Princess is taught the rudiments of English, which is meant to be so played, and was quite delightfully done by Ginette Letondal as Katherine and Germaine Giroux as Alice.) Christopher Plummer made a fine hearty captain of games out of the King; he did not quite sound the deeper notes of the part in the scene on the eve of Agincourt, but he was throughout an entirely credible popular hero. The assault upon Harfleur was exhilarating; the swaying fortunes of Agincourt were most imaginatively suggested in a kind of stylised ballet sequence; the comic episodes went with a swing; in short, Michael Langham had made excellent use of the cockpit stage, which suits this play admirably.

I rashly promised last week to say something about the new music performed at Edinburgh this year. Greatly to their credit, the Boston Symphony Orchestra included an unfamiliar American work in each of their five programmes; and the first two of these were full-scale symphonies, the Sixth of Walter Piston (born 1894) and the Second of Paul Creston (born 1906). After listening to these works, I feel inclined to echo Sir Thomas Beecham's advice to an English composer: "Not a symphony, my boy. There are far too many British symphonies this year—or in any other year for that matter!" For British, read American, French, German, Dutch, and the advice remains sound. Perhaps the symphony, pride and glory of European music for two centuries, is becoming an obsolescent form. There are eminent symphonists still living, but they are mostly in their seventies, their eighties and their nineties; with a few notable exceptions, the young rarely confide to this form their most vital thoughts. Merit could be discovered in the symphonies of both

Piston and Creston, but the dominant impression left by both was that they were unnecessary: they seemed to have come into being, not because either composer felt an irresistible impulse to write that and nothing else, but because a symphony is still the very acme of musical respectability, and a composer without symphonies to his credit feels like a man whose wardrobe possesses neither dark suit nor dinner jacket. Creston especially, who is of Italian origin, disclosed a quite unsymphonic temperament in the two 10-minute movements of which his No. 2 was composed; the first of these movements was tuneful, lush and pleasantly unpretentious, while the second attempted an uneasy alliance between jazz content and contrapuntal device. Piston, a pupil of Nadia Boulanger and, thanks to his long tenure of the chair of music at Harvard, a central and fruitful figure in American musical life, is a far more intellectual type of composer than Creston. His mastery of orchestration makes a brilliant thing out of a quicksilver Scherzo, played with marvellous finesse by the Bostonians; but by the time we reached the finale the lack of arresting ideas and of rhythmic impulse had dulled our interest. Aaron Copland's revision of his 1929 *Symphonic Ode* I was unable to hear; Isadore Freed's *Festival Overture* proved entirely commonplace. But the concert which began with this overture continued with a performance of Brahms's Third Symphony, under Pierre Monteux, of the most consummate beauty; London concert-goers may be glad to know that he is to play it again at the second of the Orchestra's two Festival Hall concerts, on September 25th.

Of the morning concerts at the Freemasons' Hall I have space to mention only the two at which Rosalyn Tureck impeccably played all the Partitas of Bach, and that at which Bliss's Clarinet Quintet was splendidly performed by the Melos Ensemble, with Gervase de Peyer as soloist. With its sustained lyrical flow and contrapuntal mastery, this is perhaps its composer's finest work; it scored a very great and well deserved success.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

England, Our England

LET us praise improvement. In the beginning, Mr. Christopher Chataway's series of four programmes on BBC television, *Away from It All*, promised more than it performed. The promise was always there. The idea of the programme was good: the world is now divided into two classes: those who live in the country and dream of living in the city and those who live in the city and dream of living in the country. *Away from It All* brings both together; it asks the questions, if we live in the country, are we happy there? and if we go to the country, what can we do there? The first programmes were unsatisfactory because they featured Mr. Chataway too prominently: there he was walking down the village street to the pub, looking as though he didn't quite know where he was, when what we wanted was simply to have him inside asking his questions. There was also too much fake-spontaneity: when Mr. Chataway walked into their bars, village innkeepers registered immense surprise, as though the BBC hadn't been courteous enough to send them a postcard in advance. That has all gone. The last programme, *On an Island*—in fact, the Shetlands—was very good indeed. Part of the credit must certainly go to Mr. Chataway. As an interviewer he is most refreshingly unBBC. He has no mannerisms and is neither suave nor smarmy; he is often diffident—and how refreshing that is; and he has a nice seriousness. Did he find out what scope there would be for us if we downed typewriters and went to the Shetlands? There's room, it seems, for a fish-processing plant.

But all this, of course, was really an excuse for a programme about the Shetlands and their problems. The crofters are unhappy, their holdings not big enough. The fishermen are contented, though their economy is not so pro-

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¶ Tom Driberg, Reynolds News columnist, is in the Soviet Union. He has just had a private interview with Mr. Khrushchev, Soviet Russia's travelling strong-man.

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

gressive as that of the Faroes. There's no future on the islands for the educated young. Very much, in fact, as one would expect; but all presented very vividly and often beautifully. And here the credit must go to the technical men, the director, the cameraman and the film editor.

On sound, the programme I had most looked forward to was Mr. George Rylands's *Portrait of Virginia Woolf*. Why, having listened to it and to the reminiscences of her friends that composed it, do I feel that I know Mrs. Woolf no better than I did before? I think the short answer must be that it proved to be a programme of piety. As they spoke, the breath of the distinguished Bloomsbury figures who contributed seemed pretty bated. It was, though I suspect it was not Mr. Rylands's intention, a solemn occasion. Now we already have models for this kind of programme in Mr. Rodgers's wonderful conversation-pieces on Yeats, Moore and Joyce. Perhaps because the Irish are less inhibited than we are, there's precious little reverence about them. The result is that from the spill of scandal and anecdote the subjects emerge three-dimensionally as all-too-human, silly and great. In Mr. Rylands's programme, Virginia Woolf came alive once: in the reminiscences of her cook and maid. For the rest, I fancy the programme merely intensified the British public's well-known suspicions of Bloomsbury.

A charming programme which it is still not too late to catch up with is *A Passage to England*, four "Socratic dialogues," by Mr. Nirad C. Chaudhuri, whose *Autobiography of An Unknown Indian* was widely discussed when it was published a few years ago. It may be remembered that Mr. Chaudhuri appeared in that book as an ardent Anglophile and a searching critic of his own country. He had not been to England until the British Council and the BBC Overseas Service brought him over here last year. These programmes, which were broadcast originally in the Overseas Service and are now on the Third, are the result. They are fascinating, these interpretations of England and the English scene and character made by an extremely sensitive Indian who has at last been able to match the picture from literature with a view of the reality.

WILLIAM SALTER

In Touch

SEVEN months ago, with Lorenza Mazzetti's *Together* and Lindsay Anderson's *O Dreamland*, "Free Cinema" made its splash. It disturbed. It was written up and down, argued about on TV, queued after. I received several letters indignant, not with my praise, but because the writers had felt impelled to stand for a couple of hours in the east wind. So, I could only suggest, movements are born. There was little doubt about this one. Its second fruits, like the first, appear at the National Film Theatre. From Sept. 9-12, under the title "Free Cinema Two," will be shown three films: Norman McLaren's *Neighbours*, *Le Sang des Bêtes* by Georges Franju, and Lionel Rogosin's *On the Bowery*. This time the impulse is from abroad. One takes more to the label as it is further defined: Free Cinema will be—is already—the thrust for independence, against all the currents of industry, and not only that, it asserts the individual artist in the art most unindividual. The camera should (and in its early days did) correct vision and substitute fact for dream: that briefly is the object of these young film-makers who are going—no mistake—to make themselves felt. Their very antithesis is the phalanx of screen entertainers who argue that, since life is too dull or horrible or complicated to be looked at, people must be distracted. That way lies box-office—and atom bombs.

The opening film in the new programme has already been seen at South Bank: *Neighbours*, a fierce little fable of two men either side of a fence who kill one another for a flower. *Touché*. The next may seem to some people even fiercer: *Le Sang des Bêtes* takes us right into a Paris abattoir. We have wandered perhaps in the neighbourhood, a desolate plain outside one of the Portes, noted the oddity of people seated there with their second-hand goods for sale, seen and smelt the railway, the lorries passing, and even watched animals going into the great gates for slaughter. So, oddly and beautifully, the camera reconnoitres; then does what we've not dared, goes in. The instruments are laid before us; operations must take place; it is all matter-of-fact, dreadful, precise, and not in the end so devoid of humanity, both in the narrow and the broader sense. "*Sans colère et sans haine*"; and Georges Franju has made of it a poem as exact, as austere and shocking as that stipulated in Baudelaire's *La Charogne* as the artist's right. Many people, whose eyes slide over the words on paper, won't like being forced here: nevertheless Franju has exercised the artist's right, and impeccably. His film emerges to the street (two nuns passing), to the railway, the water, the evening sky. We shall see much more of Franju: his *Invalides* is already booked for a future Free Cinema programme, and he is a master without compromises.

In what some may regard as a milder form, though its degradations are really far more annihilating, *On the Bowery* investigates the lives of what is called in America a "skid row." Here drifting humanity in a great city has found its lowest brotherly level; and the city being New York, it is marked geographically. It is a world of men. They drink in the bars sour beer, cheap wine, raw spirits. They sit in doorways and loll against railings. The younger ones stand on a curb waiting for the casual work offered by lorries. Along the middle of the street runs the elevated. The temperature is in the hundreds. Many sleep out. Some are arrested. Some die. A unit of three made this film—Lionel Rogosin, Mark Sufrin, Richard Bagley—and their problem was not to foist outside impressions on the scene. They lived there, shot from cars and in bars with concealed cameras and tape-recorders, and in the end hit on the people and the slight story they had imagined, and which responded in fact. The result is a quite startling revelation; everything has been sharply found and seen and heard (there is, by the way, more comedy than one might expect); the types come to life; the speakings-out are as rich as a page of Mayhew; if there's any faltering, it's the end—not that it's wrong, someone escaping from the Bowery who will certainly come back, but it lacks the flow and dignity of, for example, the exit from the mission house. But it is a film that has startled Edinburgh and will startle London.

Go to South Bank, then, if it's essential cinema you're after.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Millet and Morality

MILLET'S holy humble peasants have been used to illustrate many moral lessons and have comforted many uneasy consciences: the consciences of those who have borne everything "with fortitude" but who suspect themselves of perhaps having accepted too much too passively: also, the consciences of those who, living off the labour of others, have nevertheless always believed that in an indescribable sort of way (and God help those who describe it too explicitly) the labourer has a nobility which they themselves lack. And, above all, Millet's pictures have been quoted to persuade the confined to count the blessings in their cells; they have been used as a kind of pictorial label round the great clerical bottle of Bromide prescribed to quieten every social fever and irritation. This is a more important part of the history of Millet's art than the fact that highbrow fashion has ignored him for the last 30 or 40 years. Otherwise what is important is that such artists as Degas, Monet, Van Gogh, Sickert, all accepted as a matter of course that he was a great draughtsman.

Now, with 90 of his drawings and etchings at the Arts Council—the first London Millet exhibition for 50 years—it is our turn to estimate, claim, dismiss, use him. Sir Kenneth Clark in his appreciative Introduction sees his works as "the first—and perhaps the greatest—examples of what is now called socialist realism." Eric Newton makes the point that, like Degas, Millet was immensely concerned with discovering the typical "occupational" gestures belonging to particular activities. In fact, Michelangelo, Poussin, Fragonard, Daumier, Degas, can all be cited in discussing his work—though it is only necessary to do so in order to convince the "art-loving" public, misled by its text-books, that Millet was not just a kind of John the Baptist forerunner of the Pre-Raphaelites or of Watts. But when that has been said, it is the moral issue which is *the* issue that Millet raises.

Millet was a moralist in the only way that a great artist can be: by the power of his identification with his subjects. He chose to paint peasants because he was one, and because—under a somewhat similar influence to the unpolitical realists today—he instinctively hated the false elegance of the beau monde. His genius was the result of the fact that, choosing to paint physical labour, he had the passionate, highly sensuous and sexual temperament that could lead him to intense physical identification. Sir Kenneth Clark makes much of the point that at the age of 35 he gave up painting nudes which were—but only in the mythology they employed—a little like 18th-century boudoir art. Yet there was no inhibited puritanism behind this decision. Millet objected to Boucher because "he did not paint nude women, but only little creatures undressed."

As for the nature of Millet's power of identification, this is clearly revealed in one of his remarks about a drawing by Michelangelo.

> When I saw that drawing of his in which he depicts a man in a fainting fit—I felt like the subject of it, as though I were racked with pain. I suffered with the body, with the limbs, that I saw suffer.

In the same way he strode forward with *The Sower*, felt the weight of the hand on a lap even when it was obscured in shadow (see his etching of a *Mother Feeding her Child*), embraced with the harvesters the trusses of hay—as though the hay was supple as a swan and the story of Leda was reversed, Leda being the swan—straightened his back with the hoers, clenched his leg to steady the log with the woodcutters, leant his weight against the tree trunk with the shepherdess, sprawled at midday on the ground with the exhausted. This was the extent of his moral teaching. When he was accused of being a socialist, he denied it—although he continued to work in the same way and suffer the same accusation—because socialism seemed to him to have nothing to do with the truth he had experienced and expressed: the truth of the peasant driven by the seasons: the truth so dominating that it made it absolutely impossible for him to conceive of any other life for a peasant.

It is fatal for an artist's moral sense to be in advance of his experience of reality. (Hogarth's wasn't; Greuze's was.) Millet, without a trace of sentimentality, told the truth as he knew it: the passive acceptance of the couple in *The Angelus* was a small part of the truth. And the sentimentality and false morality afterwards foisted upon this picture will prove—perhaps already has proved—to be temporary. In the history of nineteenth- and twentieth-century art the same story is repeated again and again. The artist, isolated, knows that his maximum moral responsibility is to struggle to tell the truth; his struggle is on the near side, not the far, of drawing moral conclusions. The public, or certain sections of it, then draw moral conclusions to disguise the truth: the artist's work is called immoral—Balzac, Zola: or is requisitioned for false preaching—Millet, Dostoevsky: or, if neither of these subterfuges work, it is dismissed as being naive—Shelley, Brecht.

JOHN BERGER

New Minds For The New World

This authoritative study of Britain's present position and problems in the field of technical education is contributed by an expert who must necessarily remain anonymous. He compares our prospects with those of the United States and the Soviet Union.

"We have either got to learn physics and mathematics—or else Russian." Said two months ago at a scientific conference in America, by an American physicist. It is a typical scientist's quip, incidentally—brisk and unemollient: but that does not matter. How true is it? Or, rather there are two questions: in the education of scientists, how far ahead is Russia of the U.S. and the rest of the western world, and, compared both with Russia and the U.S. and countries of our own size, how are we in Great Britain getting on?

The short answer to the first is: very far, and to the second: pretty badly.

We are in fact in the middle of one of those crises that are hardest of all to cope with. This is an invisible crisis: nothing dramatic is going to happen for years: all we shall hear are warnings on the Third Programme from Sir Francis Simon mixed with bland reassurances from others that things are not quite what they seem. Then we shall wake up and find, like Venetians in the 17th century, that all that makes our living has slipped away. The whole scientific-industrial world is going through a change for which we have not yet found a name: to emerge from that change successfully will require many things, but above all scientists in numbers which neither we, nor even the U.S., have begun to train.

This crisis has been growing on us for a good many years. It was already clearly visible—and a few people said so—in 1945. But it is no use handing out blame to those who would not attend because that means nearly everybody. It is very difficult to alter radically a pattern of education as complex, as deeply rooted, as intricate in its class structure as ours. The patterns of education are tied to the past of each of us; any deep change brings something of the strain and feeling of a family quarrel. For that reason, in a society like ours, it may turn out to be impossible to make a deep educational change in time. But we ought to know what will happen if we do not.

The main facts are not in dispute. There are some areas of genuine doubt (e.g., the relation of non-university diplomas in Russia and here). There is also a certain amount of doubt generated by those for whom the truth is impossibly bleak. A kind of smoke screen of optimistic bafflement, a technique of the intricate defensive ("Ah, yes! but before we go any further, are we really sure about the third year standards at Irkutsk?") has been a prime cause of delay both here and in the U.S. Actually the facts are not complicated.

In the U.S., Russia and here students at university institutions normally take a first qualification round 21-22 years old. In the U.S. and Great Britain this qualification is called a Bachelor's degree, in Russia a Diploma. The number of these graduates in 1954 was:—

	Pure Science	*Applied Science*
U.S.A.	23,500 (144)	22,500 (137)
U.S.S.R.	12,000 (56)	60,000 (280)
G.B.	5,200 (105)	2,800 (57)

The figures in brackets express the number per million of the population.

In 1954 the American output of applied scientists had gone down about 50 per cent. from 1950, but it is expected to pick up markedly and the estimated figure for 1960 is 38,000. The Russians have announced that by 1960 they will increase their figures for both pure and applied scientists by at least 50 per cent. Our estimated numbers in 1960 are about 50 per cent. up on 1956 for applied scientists: the increase in pure scientists will be smaller.

The term "applied scientists" is a little wider than "technologist" or "engineer." It is worth remembering that though pure and applied scientists can perform similar social functions they tend to have sharp differences in attitude and temperament. The Russians would get some benefit—not immediately practical—from a larger proportion of dyed-in-the-wool pure scientists.

There is some controversy about the relative standards in the three countries. Mr. R. A. Butler said in the House of Commons on June 21 that a number of American first degrees are not up to our own average: that is fair comment. Estimates of the standard of the Russian diplomas vary (these estimates are based on the study of syllabuses, examination papers, theses—which resemble the theses in the Oxford science schools). Some qualified observers judge that the diplomas are about the same standard as our degrees, some put them slightly higher.

Corresponding figures for other countries of western Europe in 1954: —

	Pure Science	*Applied Science*
West Germany ..	3,450 (67)	4,450 (86)
France	1,760 (41)	2,988 (70)
Switzerland	215 (44)	399 (82)
Italy	2,436 (51)	2,200 (45)

The normal course for a pure scientist in these countries is four years and for an applied scientist five; the age of graduation is 23-24. The standard is generally about a year more advanced than our own first degree. If we take comfort because our graduates are slightly better trained than the Americans, we ought to reckon that the Germans, Italians, French and Swiss have a similar edge on us.

Graduate-equivalents

This country and Russia, but not to any significant extent the U.S., have a secondary supply of applied scientists. In our case this has developed from the traditional apprenticeships of the early days of the industrial revolution. Boys take up engineering (now called "student") apprenticeships at 16-18, and are trained on the job, so to speak, with part-time formal courses at technical colleges. At 21-23 they obtain the Higher National Certificate (a Ministry of Education diploma) and a proportion proceed to professional status through the associateships of the engineering institutions. It is from these engineering apprentices that British industry has recruited its secondary level of technicians, the draughtsmen, junior designers and so on: but it has also been a way of entrance both for the poor who could not afford a university education and for the non-academically minded (for a good many natural engineers, it is possibly the best form of education). A number of our top managers and applied scientists have come up this way: it used to be a very hard way.

Some 9,000 are passing the Higher National Certificate and similar examinations each year. The best are equivalent—at least potentially—to the university graduates. The worst are nowhere near. What proportion is regarded as equivalent to graduates has varied according to what the spokesman is trying to prove: but if we say a third, we are overdoing it on the optimistic side. That would give us another 3,000 applied scientists per year, in addition to the 3,000 graduates.

The Russians are training a closely similar grade of technician by a different method, which is in effect full-time training from 17-21 at a kind of technical college (called Technicum). As with us, the products of the technicums man the drawing offices and the other sub-professional posts. Again, as with us, the best become designers, shop superintendents, and so on. The course is packed and rigorous, and a large number of those entering are better qualified educationally than our student apprentices, but we do not know as much of the technicum standards as we do of the universities'. It is not controversial, however, that a proportion of the technicum output, exactly like a proportion of H.N.C. output, must be for practical purposes up to the graduate level. The numbers coming out of the technicums are startling—70,000 in 1954, rising to at least 100,000 in 1960. Let us again err on the optimistic side, and say only 25 per cent. are equivalent to graduates. That gives another 20,000 applied scientists per year on top of the 60,000 graduates. It would be foolish to regard the present Russian output as anything less.

Sub-professional education exists in Germany, Italy and elsewhere. The number of graduate equivalents in those countries has not yet been established. In West Germany the number is probably similar to ours. The Italian figures arouse some controversy, since some of their technical institutes have a claim to be regarded as university institutions. The total number of applied scientists is high.

For the sake of completeness, here are the approximate annual outputs of those getting a research degree after three years post-graduate work—in England and America they are called Ph. Ds, in Russia Candidates:—

U.S.A.	3,500
U.S.S.R.	4,500
G.B.	900

These figures are directly comparable. Any deficiency in the American standards disappears at this level: and the Candidates' theses (apart from the cyrillic alphabet) would be acceptable in Ann Arbor or Bristol.

Two obvious conclusions follow from the above figures, one of world significance, one of local.

(i) While the Russian production of pure scientists is numerically modest, they are now training per year more applied scientists than the U.S. and western Europe put together.

(ii) While the production of pure scientists in this country is relatively high, we are training considerably less applied scientists than West Germany, and probably about the same as Italy. Compared with the U.S. we are well behind; compared with Russia we are not in the same class.

How have the Russians done it? We have never been very good at seeing the bread-and-butter side of Russian life. Even their educational process has been regarded with a kind of mystified resentment, as though there were something sneaking and underhand about it, as though they were taking an unfair advantage, probably because of the sinister agency of Dr. Klaus Fuchs.

In fact, nothing could be more straightforward or businesslike. It has been going on for 30 years, though now the results are accelerating. They have taken us at a loss by just doing no

more and no less than they said. For Communism set out to conquer the natural world: in order to conquer it, one has got to understand it: that means, everyone has to be taught the principles of natural science. The basis of the Russian educational system is precisely that.

It is cut and dried, as inelastic as the Napoleonic educational system which an earlier and lesser revolution pressed on France. Up to the age of 17, everyone in a Russian secondary school does the same subjects. In the three years from 14-17 everyone (girls as well as boys) does physics, chemistry and mathematics, and those three subjects take up about 40 per cent of the curriculum. Everyone also does Russian language and literature, history and a foreign language, and at the age of 17 everyone takes an examination in all subjects, roughly equivalent to the "O" level of our G.C.E. On that examination depends whether one goes to a university. The competitive standard seems to be high: and this summer all the candidates—the overwhelming majority of whom are going to become scientists or engineers—had to tackle the compulsory three-hour essay paper on a literary theme. The actual themes were: *either* Discuss Mayakovski as a worker poet *or* What are the sources of the charm of Natasha (in *War and Peace*)? Most of those who do well in the 17-year-old examination read scientific subjects at the university. The position is rather like the 19th-century English classical education in reverse. Just as in Cambridge in 1870 it was possible to read science, if one was sufficiently devoted and strong-willed, so now it is possible to read languages or history in a Russian university today (or even law, though the U.S. turns out 20 law graduates for every Russian one). But the general climate is as scientific as the English one used to be classical, and most of the bright young appear to go automatically into the scientific faculties.

The scientific courses last five years, and through most of their length contain a literary element—a foreign language, and sometimes also history or literature. This is also true of the four-year technicum course; one cannot take any university or technical college training in Russia, it seems, without going a fair distance in a language. The scientific content of the university course starts on a very broad base and in the last two years becomes sharply concentrated. By his fifth year, a mechanical engineer, for example, has chosen one of a dozen special subjects, and his course work and thesis in this subject is done at a greater depth than at English universities. They seem to work their students harder than we do, and yet undergraduates in science subjects here are already overworked. The Russian training in mechanical engineering (where we and the Americans produce far too few) is perhaps the most impressive in the world.

Scientific education for everyone means, of course, that the Russians aim at producing the *maximum* number of scientists; no one who is capable of being a scientist is going to be missed. They expect to be getting somewhere near that aim in 5-15 years; their claim is that no country of 200 million will be able to do better or produce more. Already the acceleration is really happening: they are gaining the benefit of investing in scientific teaching as no country has done before. Something like one-fifth of each crop of scientific graduates go back to teach at technicums and secondary schools. This investment of one-fifth of the yearly output has been going on for a good many years (the war excepted). The number of qualified scientific teachers in Russia is now something over 250,000. That figure, which is extraordinary by any present standards (the corresponding figure for Great Britain is less than 20,000; for the U.S. it is less than 50,000), is the secret of the whole thing. It is the figure which all bosses, civil servants or industrialists, in the U.S. or here, ought to have posted in their offices. Incidentally, there are indications that many of these teachers have gone enthusiastically to their jobs, and not just as directed labour. The pay and, even more, the status of science teachers have as a consequence been kept very high in Russia—considerably higher, for example, than the status of the medical profession. From the autumn of 1956, every university student, however good he is and whatever his ultimate destination, is to do a term's practice teaching during his third year.

Russian Problems

It is desirable to keep our heads. The practical results of this Russian education have not arrived yet. In any case, the scientific efficiency of a state does not depend only upon the number of and quality of its scientists: they are essential but not sufficient. It will be some time, longer perhaps than the Russians think, before they displace the U.S. as the first industrial power.

On the other hand, they can already throw in more scientific and engineering ability at the points of industrial growth. That is probably true, for instance, of nuclear engineering. There is nothing magical about the Russian advances; they have been carried out with intelligence, precision and technical insight. But give Cockcroft, Penney, Hinton the same resources, the same enormous teams of able men, and we could do quite as well. Round the great particle-machine in Moscow there are something like 16 large-scale experiments going on: each of those experiments is being handled by about a hundred scientists. It sounds too many, but the results are rolling out at a speed no other country has thought of.

They have another source of initiative, very much under-estimated, in the number of scientists they possess *en disponibilité*. If we could send a few thousand English scientists and engineers to the Middle East and India to-morrow—to help start the new Indian capital industries, to teach in schools and technical colleges, to train agriculturists and geologists—our chances of earning the national living would be healthier. But neither we nor the Americans have the scientists to spare: and those jobs are being filled, and are going to be filled increasingly, by Russians. Trade will follow them. It is sometimes said that scientists by and large do not make good administrators: there is something in it. But it is at the same time forgotten that scientists by and large make the best ambassadors: the language of science is a common language, and no group of men is freer from the sillier kinds of race and colour sense.

For an educational transformation as sweeping as the Russian, one pays a price, of course. One obvious social price is that there are not enough competent people left to do the medium level jobs, the jobs at which this country has for a long time been so good, the secondary ranges of the civil service, the cadres of local administration, the jobs which, without being immediately productive, make the wheels go round. The Russians have never been particularly adept at that level, and now they must be pretty dreadful.

Another obvious price, this time a human one, is that the system must be hard on those who cannot cope with mathematics at all. The mathematically blind have no chance with the exact sciences, and a Russian secondary school must be torment to them. Yet among the mathematically blind are some of the most creative and intelligent of human beings.

On this point it is perhaps worth asking: have the Russians been overdoing it? Wouldn't they have got on as well with something less radical? Cannot we and the Americans improvise our way through without anything like this mass of scientists? These questions do not have much meaning to those who have any kind of insight into the next stage of scientific industry—a stage not in the remote future but in the next 20 years. But if the questions are allowed for argument's sake to have meaning, the answer is bound to be this: very well; let us assume it is only a matter of judgment; the Russians may have made an active misjudgment, alternatively we may be making a passive one. But the penalties attaching to the two misjudgments are not the same. If the Russians are wrong, their penalty is a surplus of scientists. If we are wrong, our penalty is industrial ruin.

The up-and-coming members of the Russian managerial class are now likely to have had a scientific education. Men and women doing jobs not primarily scientific or sometimes not scientific at all, have what we should call science degrees. That is begining to be true of some of the younger writers. Not that they need be any the worse for it. They have an illustrious precedent: Dostoevski was proud all his life of his First in military engineering, and used strongly to advise all writers to go and do likewise.

Those are the signs of the beginnings of a scientific culture. It is this transformation into a scientific culture that has supported the faith of men like Bernal and Joliot-Curie in Russian Communism, and supported them despite the episodes of intellectual wickedness, like the Lysenko affair, and all the rest which is intolerable to most of us. They have still believed that, in the very long run and in a deep and ultimate sense, Communism and science are one. Until America and Great Britain can train a commensurate population of scientific minds, Bernal and Joliot will not have been proved wrong.

In facing our own condition, the first thing to get out of our heads is that the Russian educational system is more specialised than ours. On the contrary, it is far less so. The English (English and Welsh, but not Scottish) system is by all odds the most specialised in the world. In some other countries it is possible—as is common form with us—for a student of humane letters to go through school and university and understand no more science than was known to neolithic man: but in no other country can a student of science go through every academic hurdle from the age of 15, and never be asked to spend an hour on humane letters. Before he gets to a university this autumn, the aspiring Russian engineer, as I mentioned, had to write a three-hour essay on Natasha Rostova. Imagine the moral indignation of any young English engineer faced with an essay on the sources of the charm of Bella Wilfer.

In England, from the age of 15, a science specialist need not read a word in any other language; so far as that goes, he need not read a word outside scientific subjects in his own. This extreme of specialisation does not exist anywhere else. There is no equivalent to our 15-19-year-old preparation for university scholarships: and our university science courses, as well as being the shortest in Europe, are also the only ones exclusively scientific. (E.g., in Sweden, as in Russia, the science undergraduates take serious

courses in languages—and similarly elsewhere.)

At 19, the ordinary English science student knows more of science than his contemporaries anywhere—and less of anything else. At 21 or 22, when he graduates, he is nearly, but not quite, as well educated scientifically as Italians or Germans graduating a year later. Apart from the gain of a few months, however, there is nothing else in favour of our fanatical specialisation, and a good deal against. It helps the tendency to regard scientists as a separate species: that tendency is, of course, dangerous to the whole culture, and ought to be resisted, not encouraged. Our system of specialisation also helps to make scientists more inelastic, even within science; it is one of the reasons why so many of our ablest men get into a premature academic mould. By 19, a lot of our good students are already so conditioned that they want to be pure scientists or nothing: and that makes it harder for us to get enough bright minds into applied science.

Our deficiencies do not come from lack of brains. So far as there are national differences in intelligence, we are a clever people. Possibly we have more than our share of natural scientific ability. Our trouble is that we got in first with the Industrial Revolution; getting in first in any technical change means that you are old-fashioned by the second round. (In exactly the same way, Russia is liable to be outpaced by China.) Our modes of education, our net of social structures, all grew up to fit the first consequences of the first breakthrough of scientific industry; a great deal of our social behaviour has crystallised in those forms; imperceptibly over the last hundred years as the start the Industrial Revolution gave us has been made up by others and our power has declined, much of our social behaviour has become not less rigid, but more; that has been more than ever true since the war, and is pre-eminently true of education.

Successive governments between 1850 and 1880 treated Oxford and Cambridge pretty roughly: can anyone imagine Mr. Attlee's governments suggesting that they were anything but perfect for all time? The Victorians transformed the public schools, built new ones, invented an ideology, in order to produce a governing class big enough to run an empire. Can anyone imagine any such transformation now? It is part of our natural assumptions that the universities, the public schools, the public school scholarships, the proportion of people reading different subjects, the distribution of fellowships and university scholarships, will remain much as they are now and have been for 30 years: if they change, they will change so gently that no one will mind. That would not have been a natural assumption for thoughtful men in 1856.

By modern standards, a remarkably small proportion of our population gets to universities. Much the biggest loss of talent happens at 15 and 16; usually after the G.C.E. (O) examination. For each boy and girl who finishes up at a university, there must be at least four or five* who take jobs in banks, local government offices, the whole range of minor executive jobs which, as I have said already, we do so well. We do them well because a lot of the occupants are working far beneath their capacity, and stay so all their lives. Go into an American bank or town hall and compare the functionaries with their opposite numbers here.

Waste of Talent

It seems to be pretty generally agreed that, of the residue who remain at school until 18, nearly all boys good enough for university finally arrive there. Our other great waste of talent, after the general loss at 15, is with girls. Nearly all other countries (except, oddly enough, Switzerland) have stopped giggling about girls' education. One-quarter of the Russian output of scientists is made up of girls. There is not the slightest evidence that girls are any worse at scientific or mathematical subjects than boys. Sicilian girls, who would have been effectively in purdah 30 years ago, are distinguishing themselves in physics in Italian universities. With proper teaching and facilities, ours can do as well.

But, even if we take care of our talent and get the able, girls as well as boys, to universities, that is only the easier half of the problem tackled. The other half is to see that enough read science, and in particular applied science. Enough not only in terms of numbers, but enough in terms of high ability. That means changing the climate of our culture.

Our present culture is, of course, unscientific. It is also in part anti-scientific. It is permissible that the people who form it—it is more than permissible, it is taken for granted—should have no idea of the great intellectual edifice of physical science. Even more so, it is permissible for them to have not even the intimation of an idea of scientific industry. This though plenty of them are as intelligent as men can reasonably be. What they would like, impelled by the best of intentions, is to keep the present culture intact and tag on a kind of annex of professional science and engineering. They want the annex to be as large as need be, so long as it remains an annex. They want it to keep in the background and just earn the country its living. It is a failure, both in detachment and in creative imagination, to believe that the problem can be solved like that.

Within the limits of the existing situation, a good deal is being done. More children are being persuaded to stay at school after 15: and, mainly because of the post-war birthrate,† the universities will soon be full. Education in technical colleges is being developed: our particular penchant for part-time training is being given its head. Industry has subscribed several million pounds to improve the scientific equipment in public schools. Of the boys over 15 at grammar schools, about 60 per cent. are reading scientific subjects: at public schools, the percentage is nearly 50 per cent., which is unexpectedly high. (The figures for girls are much lower.) Of undergraduates at British universities, about 57 per cent. are reading pure and applied science and mathematics (including medicine and agriculture).

All this helps. Yet, in terms of numbers, it will bring us little nearer the German rate of output, let alone the American or Russian. In terms of one thing even more important than numbers, that is getting *alpha* men into the applied sciences, it is not scratching the surface.

At present, the most we can claim is that anyone with a real vocation for science can follow it. Presumably the proportion of people with such a vocation is about the same in any industrialised country: it is one of the most unarguable and easily spotted of all vocations. Among these born scientists, we have had recently a good many in the world class—Adrian, Bragg, Robinson, Blackett, Cockcroft, Todd, Powell, Bullard, G. I. Taylor, and 40 or 50 others whose names the public does not know at all. No country can do much better than that; and certainly neither America nor Russia could produce three times as many in that class.

Those are our pure scientists, though. We have been far less successful in getting such men into applied science. Our specialised education, our academic emphasis, the climate of our culture, all combine to lead our scientists of vocation into pure science: as for men of high ability who are not scientists of vocation, the same forces combine to keep them out of science altogether. So we have only a driblet of men of the highest ability going into applied science. There are some—we give them less prestige than we give

* Some judges put this figure considerably higher.

† The post-war birthrate in the U.S. and other countries was much higher than here, and we shall not gain in relative numbers.

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We do not deserve even those we get: but we get only a fraction of what we need. It has been our greatest weakness, ironically enough, ever since we got scientific industry going. We have never understood it, nor the kind of men who shape it. Engineers have always remained outside the culture, even more than scientists. Yet, in intellectual difficulty and æsthetic satisfaction, many of the problems of applied science compare well with those of pure. (E.g., the guided missile is, in strictly intellectual terms, a most distinguished æsthetic performance.) To manage a large factory today requires an orchestration of skills—intelligence, temperament, force, imagination, a touch of daring. Such men are rare in any society: in ours we do not recognise their existence. It was thought a good joke among *littérateurs* when Russians took to writing novels about industrial life with snappy titles such as "Ferro-concrete": and yet it does not need much comprehension to tell one that such subjects might be as apt for novel writing as, say, obsessional rape in North Africa. No, the mistake was not that the Russians should write those novels, but that they had to write them so badly.

It is on these applied scientists that we rely to win our export trade, which means our living. What else have we got to rely on? We do not reward them much: the contemporary culture neither understands them nor includes them: they might as well be a separate society. It is no wonder that we do not get the stars—the three or four hundred a year—who would be our best hope of struggling our way through against the weight of numbers.

The percentage of boys reading science in the sixth form of public schools, which I referred to before, is 50 per cent., and surprisingly high. The percentage is higher in grammar schools. These figures will include some absolutely first-class material, the born scientists, the scientists of vocation. But, apart from these, there will not be on the science side many of the ablest boys. Of the top stratum—the boys who are really *alpha* in intellect and nature—probably eight out of ten are still reading non-scientific subjects. It is from such boys that other countries are going to draw their leaders of applied science. Our culture will not let us do the same.

Practical Example of Vocational Guidance

You have a son of 14 or 15, and it is time that he makes up his mind whether to go on to the science side or not. That choice in England is, as we have seen, to all intents and purposes irrevocable. He has no marked vocation or addiction, and so can apply himself within reason to any course. He has very high general ability, and the betting is that he will get a First in due course whether he takes Science or Classics or History. He has the weight of temperament that is going to make authority come easy to him.

That specification would have been roughly true of a large percentage of our present bosses as boys—of at least three-quarters of the heads of government departments, of a good sprinkling of both front benches and the new style industrial executives, of the editor of *The Times* and the director-general of the British Council, and of plenty of headmasters of public schools and heads of colleges. It is a characteristic specification of a boss in a managerial state. Ability is far less specialised (except for serious mathematical and some kinds of artistic talent) than we normally reckon.

What, in this year 1956, do you advise your son to do? You should, of course, think of him alone—not of social needs or your own conscience or apprehensions for the country. You can only think of how he can fulfil his talents without unnecessary friction and wear and tear.

There is no question what your advice should be and will be. It is the same as it would have been in 1946 or 1936 or 1906. He will go on to the arts side. The teaching is there: the awards are there: he will not be pressed so desperately hard at the university: the climate will smile on him: he will be mixing with his equals. He will have his place among the intellectual elite. He will be swimming with the current, not against it. He will more certainly become a boss. The trouble is, since other countries are going to get hold of boys like him and use them to run scientific industry, there may not be much left to boss.

But, in 1956, there is no question of what your answer will be. That is what the climate of the culture imposes. If it still imposes the same answer to a boy of 14 in 1966, then there is not much hope for us.

Can We Do Better?

The present climate seeps mildly round us who have been brought up in it; it has considerable charm. It may help make us restrictive rather than expansive, nostalgic rather than creative, rigid and Byzantine rather than exploratory: but it has much value. Nevertheless, the first virtue of a society is to be able to survive. If the price of survival is to change our culture, most of us as individuals would pay more than that.

Can we do it? As has already been said, this is an invisible crisis, and no society has ever yet met an invisible crisis by upheaving itself even to the modest extent that we should have to. Nothing written here is specially novel: there are a good many men in positions of influence who have faced the same facts, feared the same fears, and seen the same solutions. We have plenty of managerial bosses as robust, as tough-minded, as concerned as they have ever been. Sometimes, though, these men irresistibly recall the Venetian analogy. They remind one too much of their Venetian counterparts towards the end of the 17th century. The ablest Venetians could see with unpleasant clarity what was coming. They knew, just as we know, that weight and numbers, and conceivably history, were all against them. They were robust men, and so patriotic that they were ashamed to show how much. Just like us, they had learned that when there is no visible long-term hope, the only thing to do is to win time, stick it out, and watch for something or other to turn up. (Francesco Morosini was a sort of Churchill, and he taught them Churchillian lessons.) The Venetian managers were thinking of devices which would keep them going, not for ever, but at least for a good few years. They wrote memoranda about new kinds of trade: those plans would have meant upheaval and discomfort for the society, but they might have worked. They did not work, of course. They were never so much as tried. The managers were outnumbered, and the rest of the ruling-class were thinking only in restrictive, inward-looking terms. As for the ordinary Venetians, life was comfortable whatever happened in the future, and they had their fun.

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THE WORLD OF G. D. H. COLE

SIR,—I wish to begin by thanking Peter Shore for his interesting and friendly article dealing with my pamphlet, *World Socialism Restated*. I have a feeling that if we were able to meet and talk things over he would find that I disagree with him a good deal less than he supposes, though there are real disagreements which I have no desire to cover up.

I agree with him that capitalism is not the only enemy and that there is a real danger that economic and social inequalities may become rooted in a "managerial" society, even where the inequalities arising out of capitalist ownership have been eliminated or reduced to insignificance. I am very much aware of this danger as existing in the Soviet Union—though I do not know whether in fact "a far wider range of incomes and benefits is permitted in the Soviet Union than in the U.K." Far too wide, I agree; but far wider, I very much doubt. This, however, is a minor point; and on the essential issue we agree. A Socialist society must take steps to reduce these inequalities to the smallest dimensions that can be made compatible with the continuing need for financial incentives and with the commonly held view that there should continue to be some differentials for better or more responsible work. I have repeatedly argued that where the state meets the main costs of education and training it becomes easier, as well as more clearly just, to reduce differentials which favour the more highly educated groups.

I agree, too, that the monopoly of power by a single party facilitates undesirable forms of differentiation and that this was clearly shown in the Soviet Union under Stalin. If I did not mention this point in my pamphlet, that was not because I am unaware of it. I entirely agree that the Communist form of one-party government, or indeed any form of it, is quite unsuitable for countries, which, in Mr. Shore's phrase, are "living in the 20th century."

I agree, too, that the socialisation of the means of production does not of itself suffice to make a country Socialist. I do, however, hold that such socialisation, at any rate of most of the means of production, is an indispensable condition of Socialism—of course, including as socialisation a variety of forms of national, regional, local and co-operative ownership; for I see serious dangers in the concentration of most of the ownership in the hands of a single body, the state. The Soviet Union, as I see it, made a great stride towards Socialism by abolishing private ownership of the means of production, but still falls a long way short of being fully Socialist because of its anti-Socialist practice in respect of economic inequality. We in Great Britain, however, fall still further short because we still admit both class-inequality and private capitalist ownership of most of the resources of production.

I agree, then, that Communism is not necessarily a short cut to Socialism, even for the countries that are not "living in the 20th century"—for which, Mr. Shore agrees, it *may* be the only way of escape from feudalism. I agree that the vitally important task is so to reinvigorate democratic Socialism that it becomes not, in his words, "a pusillanimous and half-hearted version of Communism . . . but a radically different political creed"—in effect, so that it does become a real road to Socialism of a sort that provides the greatest possible scope for personal liberty and for the most rapid possible reduction and final elimination of class differences. I agree heartily that democracy "is not an encumbrance but a sheer necessity."

I agree, too, that the most inescapable reason for coming to terms with the Communist world is, as he says, that "we shall not avert world catastrophe unless we do," and that this is because of the presence and magnitude of Soviet world power. But I also hold that it should be the easier for us, as Socialists, to come to terms with the Communist world because we share a common antagonism to capitalism and colonialism and have no valid ground for quarrelling with the Communist countries unless they show real signs of seeking to impose their system on us by force; and that, I believe, is no longer the case, if it was ever so, in view of the danger of world war having become plainly too great for any country to risk engaging in it save in absolute self-defence.

Moreover, though Communism and democratic Socialism are in certain vital respects radically different creeds, I simply cannot see the adherents of the Communist and Socialist parties of the West as two radically different sets of persons. Most of the British Communists I know and meet do not differ greatly in general outlook from the members of the Labour Party I know and meet; and I cannot but believe that, if we could get the cold war out of the way, it would become possible for them to agree on a common programme of action on most matters now that Stalinism has ceased to be the creed even of the ruling groups in the Soviet Union. It is evidently out of the question to advance towards Socialism in either France or Italy without the support of the main bodies of present adherents of the French and Italian Communist parties; and the rabid anti-Communism of the French and Italian (Saragat) Socialist parties therefore seems to me to amount to a refusal to take the practical steps needed for such an advance. I agree that this means that the Communist parties must renounce their "totalitarianism" and accept the democratic way of advance. What I am asking for is fresh discussion in order to find out how far along this road they are by now prepared to go.

Finally, I come back to what is, I think, the main issue between Mr. Shore and me. Capitalism, I agree, is not the *only* enemy; but I hold it to be still the principal enemy. I do not believe that those whom Mr. Shore calls the "controllers" would be able to maintain their position of class-privilege—to which he and I both object—unless they had behind them the support *either* of an owning class of capitalists or of a totalitarian, one-party state machine. Given a democratic political system, such as he and I both regard as indispensable, it should be fully possible to prevent the "controllers" from exploiting the rest of the community and also from gathering into their hands an undue power over their fellow-men. To ensure this requires, of course, more than the mere machinery of parliamentary democracy: it calls for a lively democratic spirit among the people and for special measures to promote a wide distribution of responsibility and to prevent undue centralisation of authority. Without these, no extent of socialisation can bring with it the reality of Socialism. But let us not fall into the error of treating the "controllers" as necessarily class-enemies because they may become such when they have to operate as the allies either of capitalism or of a totalitarian one-party régime. To a great extent, they are the natural and proper leaders of the people and the necessary instruments for the efficient carrying on of society's essential tasks. Democracy is needed in order to make sure that they act as the servants rather than the irresponsible masters of the people.

Hendon. G. D. H. COLE

THE SUEZ CRISIS

SIR,—I do not wish to cross swords with Mr. L. J. Cadbury on the general tenor of his letter on Middle East oil. He is undoubtedly right when he states that both political parties in this country bear a certain responsibility for the present Middle East situation and that it would be more profitable to suggest ways and means of resolving the dilemma rather than harping on past failures. In all fairness, however, it must be said that an understanding of the situation and a possible solution to the problem cannot come without an appraisal of what has happened until now.

Mr. Cadbury, whilst objecting to sweeping statements, seems to be guilty of at least two himself when he speaks of the part Britain "played in creating a Jewish state out of Arab territory and the support we have given it".

In recent years and particularly from the year 1939 onwards Britain can hardly be said to have played any part whatsoever "in creating a Jewish state". Has Mr. Cadbury forgotten the Palestine White Paper of Mr. Chamberlain in 1939, the policy of the British government during the war years when the gates of Palestine were kept hermetically sealed in the face of Jewish refugees, and after the war the policy of Ernest Bevin, who did everything in his power to strangle the Jewish state at birth? More recently still, Britain has supplied the Arab states with arms whilst denying them to Israel.

What more sweeping statement can there be than that Israel was created out of Arab territory? Palestine has never been an Arab territory, as a study of history from Biblical times onwards clearly reveals.

The deterioration in Anglo-Arab relations has nothing to do with the support, if any, afforded by Britain to Israel. Rather is it to be found in the policy of appeasement that has been pursued toward the feudal overlords and military dictators who unhappily hold sway over the majority of Middle Eastern states.

4 Kennyland Court, N.W.4. H. PINNER

SIR,—The most glaring absurdity of this Tory diversion is the alarm that Nasser will raise the transit dues on oil, thus severely damaging our industrial economy. The present net charge on oil passing through the canal is *7s. per ton*, and the degree of our government's concern that this commodity should serve our economy as cheaply as possible can best be judged by the tax levied on oil from the Middle East, particularly the *2s. 6d. per gallon* on petrol which increases the price by more than a hundred per cent.

Great North Road, Welwyn. JOSEPH FLEMING

SIR,—Karl Baedeker is more often regarded as a ponderous, if informative, guide book writer than as an expert on international affairs. Accordingly, it is instructive to refer to an early edition of his guide to Lower Egypt to see a solution to the Suez problem much favoured in some quarters. "It must be remembered", he writes, "that the Egyptians belong to a lower grade of civilisation than most Europeans. . . . Brandish your stick vigorously at them, for this is a language that they will understand." Those words were written some 60 years ago, and there would seem to be those who would not doubt the efficacy of the remedies there suggested today.

165 Rivermead Court, London, S.W.6. DENIS HENRY

THE MELIAN DIALOGUE

SIR,—Your article on Makarios made me feel sick. England will grow weaker and weaker because her enemies are not only without but within.

The world is littered with the remains of ruined civilisations which the "doubting Thomases" helped to destroy, like maggots inside an apple.

> For of the gods we believe, and of men we know, that by a law of their nature wherever they can rule they will. This law was not made by us . . . we did but inherit it, and shall bequeath it to all time, and we know that you and all mankind, if you were as strong as we are, would do as we do.
>
> *The Athenians to the Melians.* (*Thuc. V.* 105.)

13 Southwick Street, W.2. ELIZABETH HIKMET

[We never expected to see Thucydides's famous exposition of the *hubris* that brought Athens to ruin quoted as an example to be followed by Britain today. The Athenians, having decided on the power grounds quoted by our correspondent to massacre the rebels, repented too late to save them and too late to appease the outraged gods.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

GOVERNMENT BY DILETTANTES

SIR,—My association represents the administrative grades of the civil service, its economists and statisticians. We naturally have a keen interest in such questions as the proper degree of specialisation in administrators, the role of economists in the service, and so on, but we were not anxious to be drawn into the discussion sparked off by Dr. Balogh. In his letter of August 25, however, he claims a walkover to which we do not feel he is really entitled; his analysis of the position is stimulating, but hardly one for which he can claim by default a wide measure of agreement. Professor Beer is only the most recent of a number of "detached" American commentators

who have observed something beneficial to good government in the British use of "generalists in high places".

No matter how many economists there were in the service, and no matter what kind of organisation lay behind the framing of this country's economic policies, we doubt whether Dr. Balogh would be satisfied unless they happened to be the particular economists and policies he approves of. Dr. Balogh mentions eminent economists who have served the American government, but our government had the services of Keynes in his time, and apparently Dr. Balogh found plenty to criticise in the outcome, though he no doubt shared the general respect for Keynes' eminence. This is natural enough; if Dr. Balogh thinks that salvation lies in one particular set of policies, he cannot be expected to express satisfaction with anything which falls short of them, but we ourselves are obviously under some difficulty about entering into public discussion on the question of choice of policies and personalities.

But Dr. Balogh goes altogether wider in the implications of the letter with which he seeks to round off the discussion. "We have not had those fervent assertions," he writes, "that the civil service in general, and the economic policy makers in particular, are the very best in the world and completely impartial, non-political and neutral." We do assert that we have a very good civil service to which, hitherto, it has been possible to recruit each year a fair proportion of the country's talent; we do not, however, take it as a reflection upon that service if people discuss whether, like other institutions, it needs to be modified. We can also say, from experience, that we and our colleagues believe in and act by the principle that the civil service in this country should give loyal and co-operative service to the elected government of the day.

GEOFFREY CASTON
Hon. Secretary
Association of First Division Civil Servants
Broadway, S.W.1.

WITNESSES IN LIMERICK

SIR,—No person may be prevented from doing an act that is itself lawful; the fact that the performance of a lawful act may induce other persons to act in an unlawful manner is immaterial. It is *prima facie* lawful for a group, however tiny, however unpopular, to propagate its beliefs in an orderly manner; it is unlawful for other persons to interfere with its doing so.

If a group exercises its right to propagate its beliefs in an orderly manner and other persons intervene, so that a breach of the peace results,

(a) the members of that group may not properly be bound over to keep the peace; but

(b) those members of the public who have so intervened may properly be so bound over.

If, through error, the members of that group *were* bound over, the orderly propagation of their beliefs, being lawful, would not be a breach of their undertaking, and they would be at liberty to proceed with it; their recognisances, on that ground, could not properly be estreated, whether or not, through the intervention of other persons, a breach of the peace resulted.

That is the law of England. It is also the law of the Republic of Ireland, subject to the provisions of Article 40 of the Irish constitution. So far as I am aware, clause 6 of that Article has not yet been judicially interpreted. It has been suggested by a correspondent in an Irish newspaper that it is sufficient to deny to Jehovah's Witnesses freedom of speech in Clonlara, because to give it to them would be to jeopardise public order: this, of course, is so manifestly absurd that it is hardly necessary to argue the contrary: if it were right—and the argument is based upon the liberty for the exercise of the right being expressed in the clause as "subject to public order and morality"—the Article would operate as a complete denial of the right it purports to guarantee; for no man might speak so long as there were a couple of dozen of his fellows antipathetic to his creed and prepared publicly to mock, abuse, and assault him for doing so. The true interpretation of the clause is, no doubt, that the right is subject to the ordinary law of the land concerning blasphemy, sedition, and obscenity.

There has not been a prosecution for blasphemy for a long, long time: it is an offence committed in Ireland, as in England, at least, I suppose, a couple of hundred times a day. But it *is* an offence, and if one is prosecuted for committing it, one may properly be convicted. In the Clonlara case, the District Justice decided that the literature of the witnesses was blasphemous "in the Catholic understanding" of that term. No doubt he was right, but was it blasphemous in law? Obviously, the test is not the same: the beliefs of other religions practised in Ireland may be blasphemous to Catholics: they can hardly be blasphemous in law, since the constitution recognises every religious denomination existing in Ireland on December 29, 1937.

I hope that when the time comes, the Supreme Court in Ireland will decide that that phrase, "subject to public order and morality", means what I say it does. Because I am an Irishman, I am also a Roman Catholic. My faith has taught me the supreme value of a human being. The state is less than he: the entire population less than any single member of it. And every single constitutional guarantee of personal freedom in Ireland—including the right to freedom of conscience and the free profession and practice of religion—is "subject to public order and morality". If that correspondent I mentioned is right, none of these freedoms is, in law or in fact, guaranteed at all.

I have never met a Jehovah's Witness. I assume he is sincere. He is a man. And he has certain rights, not because he is a citizen, but because he is a man. These rights no one may deny him. He will follow his conscience. He may propagate his beliefs. He may even blaspheme. The responsibility is his: it is what makes him a man.

DENIS HART

CRABB'S LAST DIVE

SIR,—It is unfortunate that Commander Crabb's biographer should so far have failed in his task as to give your reviewer the impression that Crabb was a pitiful figure. Nothing could be further from the truth. His reputation depended not upon his physical courage alone but upon his outstanding technical skill, his ingenuity in devising and developing underwater techniques, and his natural qualities of leadership. The facts that, although an R.N.V.R. officer, he reached the rank of Commander, and that he was recalled by the Admiralty for special duties when he was well past the normal age limit for diving, speak for themselves.

Crabb was not the only man who had difficulty in finding useful employment in the pre-war years, and if after the war he sought out assignments of the sort that he could do superbly well rather than settle down in the type of job that would have been better for his bank balance, was he not making a choice to which any man is entitled?

His bizarre political views may have made him an easy prey to the men who sent him on his fatal mission, but that the world would be a poorer place without men like Crabb will not be disputed by anyone who has known or worked with him.

T. S. MCLEOD

THE POPULAR PRESS

SIR,—Mr. J. B. Priestley's article "Thoughts on the Popular Press", however humiliating its contents, is very refreshing reading, coming, as it does, a few weeks after a fantastic article of a very different complexion by your contributor, Mr. Francis Williams. In this article Mr. Williams gravely takes *The Times* to task for not having anything in its columns about Miss Marilyn Monroe on her visit to England, on the grounds that a newspaper which ignores "an event which clearly excites and interests a very large number of people" is not fulfilling its duty to its readers. And later in the same article Mr. Williams bluntly says, "Not to mention Miss Monroe is no more than simply silly", implying, it seems, that it is less silly to report, as the *Daily Sketch* did, that, on receiving the gift a bicycle, "her lips opened moistly", and that *The Times* readers, deprived of any allusion to her "famous dress with the nylon midriff", are much to be commiserated.

If Mr. Priestley is right, the public taste for these trivialities, far from being spontaneous, is to a large extent created by the newspapers which the man in the street reads. Anyway, between them an immense amount of fuss has been generated. Why? Are Miss Monroe and her marriage of the smallest importance? No doubt she is a charming young woman, but nobody claims that she is really the last word in beauty, intelligence or skill in acting. One vaguely gathers that somehow everything centres on her bust measurement, especially as compared with that of Miss Diana Dors. And *The Times* deserves scolding because it is silent on this question and the common man's reactions to it! Of course, for some time past the common man's standards, tastes and interests have been steadily becoming the only ones which matter, but have we really reached the stage (Mr. Williams clearly thinks we have) when to aim at a standard different from that of the common man in one of his more irresponsible moods is to be regarded as "silly"?

If that is so, it is hard to disagree with Mr. Priestley that the future prosperity of so trivial a Britain is more than doubtful.

G. W. LYTTELTON

Grundisburgh, Suffolk.

POPISH PLOTS

SIR,—If Mr. Evelyn Waugh will look at the history of the Spanish Inquisition, he will see the predominant part played in it by converts. If Counter-Reformation Catholicism had been established in England, no doubt inquisitors would have been found among the converts—a tribe who have often distinguished themselves by doctrinal ferocity, not always accompanied by knowledge.

Mr. Gerald Hamilton seems to have read neither my article nor English history with much attention, and the "extreme diffidence" with which he professes to write might have been carried further. The Jesuit missionaries were not represented by me as "criminals and traitors," nor were they in fact instructed "to encourage loyalty" to the Queen (in their earliest instructions they were permitted to attack her, provided they were sufficiently sure of the audience). Queen Elizabeth did in fact show mercy to some of them, and as for the "oft-quoted letter to Bishop Cox, of Ely" which the "diffident, impartial" Mr. Hamilton now misquotes as evidence of "the preposterous pretensions of this raddled hag" (the Queen was 42 at the time), it is in fact—like too much of Mr. Hamilton's "history"—apocryphal.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Christ Church,
Oxford.

SIR,—Mr. Hamilton is entitled to his opinions, though a professional historian must envy his remarkable certainty on some difficult and disputed points. But it should, I think, be pointed out that the evidence upon which he convicts Queen Elizabeth is dubious. The "oft-quoted letter to Bishop Cox" was shown by Sir John Neale to be an eighteenth-century invention, and that as long ago as 1925 (*History*, vol. x).

G. R. ELTON

Clare College,
Cambridge.

BRAMBER MUSEUM

SIR,—Has any reader a musical box they would be willing to present to the above museum? On one of my periodical visits recently to this unique and delightful museum situated in the old village of Bramber, Sussex (with its unusual collection of stuffed kittens, guinea pigs, rats, squirrels, birds, all dressed to represent scenes such as a wedding, village cricket match with band, village school, village gambler's den, and still under the control of the daughter of the creator of this original collection), I found that a child had broken the music box which had given a sense of tranquillity and gentle happiness to so many visitors. A great loss to me and I imagine to many others.

If anyone can replace this I am sure the museum and visitors from all over the world would be deeply grateful. My address as below.

KAY GILCHRIST

31 Lyndhurst Avenue,
Norbury, S.W.16.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"Arabia Deserta"

"I WAS very sorry not to be able to give him a first," the Cambridge examiner said of Doughty. "He had such a dishevelled mind. If you asked him for a collar he upset his whole wardrobe at your feet." Poetic in conception, scientific in its intent, *Arabia Deserta* is indeed the whole wardrobe, a tumbled-out and yet majestic accumulation. Edward Garnett thought it the greatest of English works of travel. Doughty was lucky. The dishevelled mind wandered for two years into the right dishevelled subject. No order beyond an itinerary was imposed upon him. The book runs to 600,000 words and this has intimidated many intending readers who have also been put off by Doughty's other eccentricity: his artificial style which, he said, was to get back to Spenser and Chaucer but which is rather like prose chiselled out by a rough tool on some primitive monument of the desert. The style *is* odd but it is not really obstructive; in the passages of action it moves fast, in the portrayal of character it is clear. The worst mannerism is the introduction of innumerable Arab words into English, but one soon gets used to this. Many readers must have felt when Edward Garnett's abridgement was made in 1931—it is now reissued in the Penguin edition*—that too much fuss about the difficulties had been made and must have moved eagerly on into the freedom of the wastes of the complete edition. Doughty was not abridged because he padded or bored. An endless writer, he is endlessly interesting.

Doughty sought to catch the very smell of Arabia. His aim was objective scientific truth—he had the agnostic's regard for this quality above all others—and to tell the truth, it was necessary to report among other things exactly what the Arabs said in their talk. On this point he was fanatical. He called "Allah" "Ulluh" throughout because this (or "Ollah", he said) came closest to a phonetic rendering, and was angered when he heard the Arabs debasing their own language by the use of imported slang and new obscenities. The abridgement is relatively poor in conversations which are the making of the whole. Thus one enters the timeless world of daily garrulity. The other quality diminished by abridgement is what T. E. Lawrence called the Biblical. He was not referring only to the style, if at all, but to the fact that *Arabia Deserta* is an epic into which one can pour the whole of one's life, if one has the stoical temperament and has found life to be lonely, painful, and a long span of abnegation. The loneliness of Doughty in this huge, almost featureless country, brimming with religion and nomadic custom but without civilisation, is epical. Those words towards the end of the book where he was stripped, whipped and sent off alone at Aneyza, describe an experience the more dreadful because it is beyond self-pity or the heat of protest. (Khalil is Doughty's Arab name):

> "Whither," he said to the Emir Aly, "art thou sending Khalil?"
> "To Khubbera."
> "El-Helàlfeh were better, or er-Russ; for these lie in the paths of caravans."
> "He goes to Khubbera."
> "Since," I said, "you drive me away, you will pay the cameleer; for I have little money."
> *Emir Aly:* "Pay the man his hire and make haste; give him three reals, Khalil."
> *Rasheyd:* "Half a real is the hire to Khubbera: make it less, Emir Aly."
> "Then be it two reals, I shall pay the other myself."
> "But tell me are there none the better for my medicines in your town?"
> "We wish for no medicines."
> "Have I not done well and honestly in Aneyza?"
> *Emir Aly:* "Well, thou hast."
> "Then what dealing is this?"
> But he cried, "Art thou ready? Now mount!"
> In the meantime, his ruffian ministers had stolen my sandals (left without the chamber door); and the honest negro Aly cried out for me accusing them of the theft, "O ye, give Khalil his sandals again!" I spoke to the brutal Emir, who answered, "There are no sandals": and over this new mishap of the Nasrâny (it is no small suffering to go barefoot on the desert soil glaring in the sun) he laughed apace. "Now art thou ready?" he cried, "Mount then, mount! but first pay the man his hire." —After this I had not five reals left; my watch was stolen; and I was in the midst of Arabia.

This is the epic of the man alone. In his *Life* of Doughty Hogarth also referred to the transcendental effect of the book which was not, he said, produced by self-glorification or any suggestion of saintliness "but by the extraordinary impression conveyed by the plight of a being of a higher world who finds himself alone in a lower state. His incongruity, with its constant menace of peril, is accentuated by his mind's solitary, continuous and implacable reaction against the religious and social system which had [the Arabs] at its mercy." Some who have picked up a mystical turn of mind in Arabia have seen in this man alone, the shadow of the son of man. We need not be so ambitious; it is an odd fact that this reserved and difficult man was very early an orphan.

Arabia has had a peculiar effect on the educated political and military caste of Englishmen. This empty region became something like a Public School without walls, with sheikhs for House Captains and guerilla war and raiding taking the place of compulsory games. The Arabs, like the Schools, are ruled by conventions and talk in proverbs; the company is intelligent without being intellectual, which is the spirit of English comedy. Arab society, like the English, is masculine in dominance; and for Puritans there is the spareness of life, the freedom, the militancy and the tension between body and spirit. One can (or one could) be English in Arabia without having to pay the price. T. E. Lawrence said that the Arab hurt himself not merely to be free but to please himself: in their country the English masochist found his sublime, indeed his sublimated sandpit.

Doughty does not fit in with this picture. There is nothing subjective in his writing. He is not a convert nor is he effecting a transference. It has been said that he hates the Arabs. It is true that he loathed the town Arabs and pitied rather than admired the bedouin. He went to Arabia by accident. He merely wished to copy some inscriptions and score a small scholarly success. Poor health, physical exhaustion and starvation no doubt played their part in conveying an air of lassitude to his reactions. He seems to be too tired to take much account of the fact that he may be murdered any minute. He was stoned, stripped, robbed, beaten, imprisoned, deserted, and felt the knife many times at his throat. He travelled also in the greatest personal poverty, rightly supposing that the base are less noticeable than the rich. His aim was anonymity. He could have saved himself some trouble by pretending to be a Moslem or by moderating or disguising his opinions. Instead he stuck to it that he was an Englishman, a man of superior race, a Christian by tradition, and that the Arabs were enslaved by error. In a land given to the suspicion that all foreigners were spies, he wrote his notes in public. Only once or twice, when his life depended on it, did he act a lie by remaining silent. His reward was that he became a legend years after in the memory of the bedouin. But his seeking of pain has none of, say, T. E. Lawrence's exhibitionism; it is the native, traditional masochism of the great explorers. He accepted abasement as Mungo Park and Livingstone did, and Caillié, the strange little Frenchman who went to Timbuctoo.

Arabia Deserta is a continually dramatic book in continuous movement. There is nothing incongruous between the half-biblical manner and the crowding detail. The book is really packed with all the hours and minutes of two years. The opening account of the Haj, the pilgrim caravan to Medain Salih, is pungent with life and superb in its observation. One sees the robed mob of 6,000 persons sprawling across the desert, with the ugly ringing of camel bells, the empty gorgeous tents tottering on the camels' backs; and hears the shot fired after midnight to get the pilgrims to their feet, and sees the rocket sent up to call them to prayer in the evening.

The tents are for the rich pashas but, there being none on this pilgrimage, they were used to carry the dying in their last human bid for an hour of luxury before they died.

> In our riding I often saw some wild headstone of a palmer's sandy grave. The strangest adventure in this Haj was the pilgrimage of a Persian lady deceased, who dying at Maan, would needs be buried in holy ground at Mecca, thirty journeys in advance, and faithfully her serving man endeavoured to fulfil his dame's last request. He bought a camel (of our Persian camel-master), and the beast slaughtered, he sewed in the rawhide his dead mistress and lapped upon that raw sheepskins; then binding poles all round, he laid up this bale of worm's meat in her cradle litter and followed henceforth the caravan. After some journeys the tidings came to the ears of the Pasha; certain persons had seen the servant sitting under a thorn tree, which he had made his night quarters, to keep the wake by his ghostly luggage. The Pasha took counsel, and his ordinance was that the uncouth funeral might follow with the pilgrimage but at a little distance; also he forbad this man to bring his dead lady, at the stations, within the encamp-

* *Arabia Deserta.* By C. M. DOUGHTY. Edited by EDWARD GARNETT. *Penguin Books.* 3s. 6d.

The Saturday Book 16

Edited by JOHN HADFIELD

This year's edition includes a poem by John Betjeman, illustrated by John Piper; travel sketches of Perugia by Richard Church and of Moscow by Kenneth Tynan; a lavish colour-illustrated study of narrative painting by James Laver; some observations on fish; short stories, poems, illustrated features on craftsmen—and much more besides. Over 100 pages of illustrations, seventeen in full colour. Sept. 17. 30s.

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Hutchinson

ment. A bad impression in water will strike all around, so it is in every mischief in the world! For this chance I was also the worse, and rode since Maan as one of the mourners. It happened so that the beast taken for the slaughter was the camel from under me.

That is intoned writing but it goes further into poetic precision. We shall read of camels drinking,

> so they snuff to it, and bathing but the borders of their flaggy lips, blow them out and shake the head again as it were with loathing.

We come back to the question of Doughty's English. Doughty protested a hatred of the Victorian English—whether he meant the nation, the language or both we do not know. But his style is one of the Victorian rebellions. Think of them. The obscurities of Browning, the Germanic, Biblical, Celtic prophecies of Carlyle, the dandyism of Meredith—what was the reason for these obscure or difficult styles? Were they, so to say, a sort of colonising imperialism over new words? Were they an attack upon Victorian society? Doughty raises the whole question of difficult prose; and it has been neglected. The question of difficult poetry has not. And does the clue lie there—that this was the beginning of the poetic rebellion which was to culminate in Joyce and Wyndham Lewis? Doughty himself said that his travels were but an incident in a lifelong devotion to the poetic art. What is astonishing is the sight of a sustained experiment having rich and living subject-matter. *Arabia Deserta* is a book that sweeps one away into a new conception of fact.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Death of a Rat

Nothing the critic said of tragedy,
Groomed for the stage and mastered into art,
Was relevant to this; yet I could see
Pity and terror mixed in equal part.
Dramatically, a farce right from the start,
Armed with a stick, a hairbrush and a broom,
Two frightened maladroits shut in one room.

Convenient symbol for a modern hell,
The long lean devil and the short squat man
No doubt in this were psychological,
Parable for the times, Hyperion
And Satyr, opposites in union. . .
Or Lawrence's *Snake*, to turn the picture round—
Man's pettiness by petty instinct bound.

But, to be honest, it was neither, and
That ninety minutes skirring in a duel
Was nothing if not honest. The demand
Moved him towards death, and me to play the fool,
Yet each in earnest. I went back to school
To learn the hero's part, who, clung with sweat,
Learned where the hero, fool and coward met.

Curtain to bed and bed to corner, he
Nosed at each barrier, chattered, crouched, and then
Eluded me, till art and fear and pity
Offered him to me at the moment when
I broke his back, and smashed again, again,
Primitive, yes, exultant, yes, and knowing
His eyes were bright with some instinctive thing.

If every violent death is tragedy
And the wild animal is tragic most
When man adopts death's ingenuity,
Then this was tragic. But what each had lost
Was less and more than this, which was the ghost
Of some primeval joke, now in bad taste,
Which saw no less than war, no more than waste.

ANTHONY THWAITE

The Bildungsroman

The German Novel. By ROY PASCAL. *Manchester University Press.* 30s.

In his first chapter Mr. Pascal quotes Grillparzer, very pertinently, on the romantic conception of beauty:

> That the Germans attribute so high a value to this unsteady dreaming, this capacity for boding without clear image or idea, is the very misfortune of the nation. . . . They think it is something peculiar to their nation, but other peoples know this state of mind too, only with them boys in the end grow into men.

This splenetic remark may help to explain the important place which the *Bildungsroman* has occupied in German fiction from the time of Goethe to that of Thomas Mann. The young hero has to be shown the ideal way of growing into an ideal maturity, and in watching his progress the reader is instructed as well. But this ideal maturity is not the maturity we find, effortlessly and naturally, in the great English, French and Russian novelists. It is an endless process of becoming and not a state. The hero and the author—for the hero is often the author—never reach the stage where they can accept and describe life as it is. The ideal future is implicit in these novels, and the more educational they become the more they deviate from reality, until we find ourselves—in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, for instance—in a world that should be, stocked with characters that should be. If we are to believe Grillparzer, the education was certainly necessary. Yet one feels that the ordinary novel, could it have flourished in Germany, would have been far more effectively educational. The German sense of life might have been deepened if Germany could have produced an Anna Karenina, or a Clarissa, or an Emma Bovary. But it seems that world is inaccessible to the German novelist, even to Thomas Mann with his extraordinary scope.

After the *Bildungsroman* Mr. Pascal deals with the novelists in the ordinary convention: Gotthelf, Raabe and Fontane, all of them men of great ability. They turned to life as it is, but without the full pressure and the wide scope of the great European novelists. Mr. Pascal next brings in Kafka, who looks strange in this company and would look strange in any other. I think Mr. Pascal is wrong in claiming that "The central and inescapable task with Kafka is . . . interpretation," though his own interpretation is more illuminating than any other I have come across. But surely the most important thing about Kafka is his extraordinarily original and fertile use of the imagination, which moves us by its own truth and creates its own world.

Mr. Pascal regards Thomas Mann as the greatest German novelist, nearest to the European giants, yet not their equal. He regrets Mann's inability to portray passion, and says finely: "It is only in passion that man shows what he really is or what his potentialities may be." Mann's real passion was the art of fiction, or rather what could be done with it; for life he had only a tireless disconcerting curiosity. He saw that good could spring out of evil, and disease produce an evanescent blossoming of vitality, and syphilis release the genius of music. He was possessed by the endlessly equivocal character of life, and to grasp it he invented a technique, a sort of relativity, by which he could catch it from every aspect, each of them valid in its own way. His characters interested him because of the curious light they threw on the enigma. He used them instead of leaving them free, and in using devitalised them. He loved the surprise above everything, but the machinery he built to capture it became more and more heavy and elaborate. Myth, history, geography, archæology, astronomy, chemistry, physiology, were massively directed upon his characters, and they certainly responded, but to their author in the first place, to life only in the second. They reacted to every stimulus, as Mann seems to have

done himself, and his view of life, an enlightened Humanism, was not based on any central truth of the imagination, but on a multiplicity of points, each related to all the others, with the centre in some debatable place. His novels are a gathering-in of hypothetical perceptions, a strategy of encirclement which ends when the characters unwillingly stand captive and illuminated. Mr. Pascal complains that "in most of even the best German novels there is a sad lack of the energy and bite of passion." That is certainly true of Thomas Mann's novels. He was too concerned to discover what passion is to be able to present it. He certainly knew a great deal about it, and from his knowledge tried to educate his characters, and his readers as well: the *Bildungsroman* is always round the corner. The supreme triumphs of his art spring from his didactic purpose, his benevolent wish to lead us on and instruct us without our being aware of it. He will probably be remembered as a great German writer, rather than as the nearest approximation to a great novelist that Germany has yet produced.

Mr. Pascal has an imaginative intelligence which is rare in criticism, and one does not know whether to admire most the nicety of his detail or his grasp of the whole. What is more unusual, he has the ability, in dealing with some particular writer, to throw out an observation which lights up a universal world of experience:

> Gotthelf's method corresponds to that normal mode of judgement which leads us to recognise a unique specimen as a type: we say, "So-and-so is a typical grandmother," and we mean that she combines in an extraordinary degree, exceptionally, the various qualities which are usually present only partially in the grandmothers we know. Only the exception is the type.

The book is filled with these admirable touches.

EDWIN MUIR

A Summary of Detection

Open Verdict. By JOHN RHODE. *Geoffrey Bles.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Patrick Butler for the Defence. By JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Death to Slow Music. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the One-Eyed Witness. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Another Mystery in Suva. By FRANK ARTHUR. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Double Turn. By CAROL CARNAC. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Night Drop. By STEPHEN RANSOME. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One Man's Poison. By SEBASTIAN FOX. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Solitary Child. By NINA BAWDEN. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sinners and Shrouds. By JONATHAN LATIMER. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Appleby Talks Again. By MICHAEL INNES. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mary Roberts Rinehart's Mystery Book. *Cassell.* 16*s.*

In summer detection tends to be plentiful and commonplace. From the mound of books available one can only pick out a dozen of the more delectable to gratify the reader's morbid appetite. Mr. Rhode is not everyone's cup of tea: his admirably realistic plots involve an exasperating slowness of procedure. Those who go hunting with Jimmy Waghorn must resign themselves to a long day in the field. In *Open Verdict*, after the bashing to death of a man in an English lane, the murder trail leads with a wealth of circumstantial detail to a promising suspect, and ends—literally—with a bang. Our suspect is blown sky high by a carefully contrived explosive mixture of chemicals. Jimmy Waghorn must cast round again; and so must we. Providentially there is always that old M.F.H., Dr. Priestley, leaning over the hedge with a proffer of advice. Readers who tire easily can skip along direct to the Doctor with his unfailing gift of precognition. The clues he points to are the genuine ones; all others can be safely disregarded.

In *Patrick Butler for the Defence* Mr. Carr propounds another of his "sealed room" riddles with a magician's bravado. If you can solve this one, he says, he'll award you a title of merit. Well, how did the Persian client come to be stabbed in a solicitor's office in Lincoln's Inn all by himself? Familiarity with Mr. Carr's methods will prove a help. Pay no attention to his flamboyant trappings or his novelette characters; allow for any amount of physical improbability—and look who's there! Even if you miss the absolutely give-away clue in the general *mêlée*, there is no reason to be stumped.

During the course of *Death to Slow Music* Mr. Green, the detective with the nose, sniffs twice to good purpose, in order to solve a couple of murders on a pier; but he keeps his nasal information to himself. With our less acute organs we can only smell a rat whenever so many actors and actresses throng the stage. But which is the rat there is no knowing except by hunch. Mr. Nichols appears to make up his own rules for detection as he goes along, but he is a careful workman; and his prose, if one can stomach a complacent style verging on the unctuous, cannot be impeached. His facts are less reliable. Surely such a sophisticated writer ought to know the colour of a Leander blazer by now.

In *The Case of the One-Eyed Witness* there are two deviations from the Erle Stanley Gardner jet-propelled formula. For once Perry Mason saddles himself with a client whom he believes to be guilty; and the title has a genuine bearing on the case. The witness comes to court wearing a bandage over one eye and starts a train of agonising re-appraisal for Mason and the rest of us. The plot depends upon a motive which may conceivably be homicidal in California but would hardly flutter a dovecot over here.

Mr. Arthur plants his murders in Fiji, where the climate and the racial mix-up make the behaviour of suspects exotically unpredictable. In *Another Mystery in Suva*, when a leading merchant is knifed at his desk and so many of his employees are unable to account for their movements to Inspector Spearpoint's satisfaction, are they hiding evidence, chasing coloured girls, afternoon drunks, or just feeling the heat? I wouldn't say that the real miscreant is indistinguishable to a sharp eye, because some of Mr. Arthur's misleading devices are all too transparent. But the plot marches ahead bravely to a desperate finish; and one cannot expect Scotland Yard standards of detection in the South Seas.

The Double Turn starts with an elderly housekeeper apparently falling downstairs in the dark and breaking her neck in a locked house in St. John's Wood. These Dickson Carr set-ups often extort a howl of derision from the reader, when some fanciful explanation is tendered for his acceptance. Miss Carnac's solution, however, is as delightfully simple as it is ingenious. Her characters are always plausible in a mild way; and, although she spins out of her plot with a vapid love interest and plugs Chief Inspector Rivers for more than he is worth, she delivers the goods in the end in a very tidy package.

Mr. Ransome is a nonchalant writer, who reckons to tuck away any deficiency in his plots behind his slick take-it-for-granted style. *Night Drop* is the scattiest affair, blending murder with blackmail without an ounce of conviction. Yet one cannot deny the book a certain racy readability. It may be a poor circus; but that pair of clowns, Cole and Speare, jump through the same old hoops with more gusto than ever.

One looks hopefully to Mr. Fox, the only newcomer to detection on the list, for signs of originality. Alas! there is only one. Stock characters, stilted dialogue and shopworn properties build up a humdrum poisoning at the inevitable country house party. There is even a cherubic solicitor for the detecting. *One Man's Poison* will not

GEOFFREY COTTERELL

"He reminds me of Thackeray. He has that author's topographical and social awareness."

John Betjeman
(Daily Telegraph)

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John Raymond
(New Statesman)

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

serve this reviewer for meat. But the author has invented a new motive for murder. A savage review in a weekly journal apparently deserves death. I shall be careful to give Mr. Fox a wide berth if I ever see him approaching with a chalice.

What emotional stresses await a woman who marries a widower recently acquitted of murdering his first wife? *The Solitary Child* extracts the last drop of anxiety possible in this uneasy situation. Miss Bawden is a better hand at suspense than at detection. One may easily hazard a guess at the clue to the heroine's predicament, yet there is no release from one's tenterhooks until Miss Bawden squares the account.

Jonathan Latimer has absented himself from detection for 15 years. Do middle-aged readers remember *The Lady in the Morgue*? At a time when American crimes had become so tough that an English reviewer did not dare print the clues, Latimer was the toughest writer of them all. *Sinners and Shrouds* shows that service in the United States Navy has brought no concessions to squeamishness. The lay-out is Chicago. The hero awakes to consciousness after a night of debauch in a strange bed, in a strange room, with a strange woman naked and dead beside him. As far as his hazy recollections carry, he may have raped and murdered her. Read on.

Appleby Talks Again contains 18 stories of varying length, suitable for reading at bed-time, when the critical faculties are relaxed and a few runic paragraphs are all that is required to bring on oblivion. In broad daylight many of Michael Innes's ingenious notions appear too fantastic to bother with. Only one of the stories is long enough to allow any development in the characters: the rest are in the nature of conjuring tricks. But Appleby's manner never falters: he never forgets that he is a cultured and condescending man addressing a captive Third Programme audience.

The three works in the Rinehart Omnibus were first published nearly 50 years ago, and are well worth resuscitating. Mrs. Rinehart, who is 80 years old this year, has often been acclaimed as the leading woman writer of detection in America. In fact, she wrote mystery novels, with an occasional intrusion of detection. She is no Wilkie Collins to be sure, but her sharp mind and impulsive style make her work a good deal fresher and more readable than most of the constipated stuff being turned out today. The full-length books re-published in this volume are *The Circular Staircase*, *The Man in Lower Ten* and *The Case of Jennie Brice*, and a bargain at the price.

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Appointment to Fez. By G. H. SELOUS. *Richards Press.* 25*s.*

In the century which began in 1830, France and Britain carved up the Arab world between them. Broadly speaking, we took the eastern sector, the French the western; and the methods both of conquest and occupation were characteristically different. The French used vast armies: 250,000 to conquer Algeria, 300,000 to crush Abd el Krim, 400,000 to put down the Algerian rebels; and, once installed, they brought in boatloads of colonists and set up French educational and administrative systems. We used a handful of soldier-administrators, who governed vast territories through their friendships with Arab princes. The British method certainly proved more profitable: our ruthless exploitation of the Middle East subsoil has been achieved at negligible cost, while France's North African empire has placed an agonising strain on her resources—as Bismarck intended that it should. Both, however, have failed to stand the test of time and are collapsing at approximately the same speed.

Sir Alec Kirkbride's brief and pleasantly written memoirs admirably illustrate the British technique. After the collapse of the Turkish empire, he was sent east of the Jordan and told to create an autonomous state; he was given no troops and precious few instructions. The 12 most powerful sheiks set up a Council of Elders and forced Kirkbride to be its president. The French, of course, would have forbidden the Council to meet in the first place, would have deported the sheiks to Madagascar, and would have moved in troops to crush the subsequent revolt.

Later, when King Abdullah marched in to set up his kingdom of Transjordan, Kirkbride gracefully handed over his territory, and ultimately become Abdullah's chief political adviser, thus ensuring the continuity of British rule. The defect of the British method, however, was that, since it was based on a friendly, paternal relationship with one generation of Arab rulers, it inevitably became the object of resentful hostility when a new generation came to the fore. As Sir Alec puts it:

> I liked the people with whom I worked in the Middle East and I had reason to believe that the feeling was reciprocated, but, as my generation passed on and men whom I had known as children came to power, it became more difficult to establish with the newcomers the sympathetic co-operation which had marked my relations with their fathers.

It is no accident, in short, that British rule in the Middle East lasted almost precisely 30 years.

In contrast to the placid, empirical and taciturn Kirkbride, Marshal Lyautey—the hero of Mr. Selous's reminiscences of the Moroccan consular service—was a grand opera general with a distinctive Napoleonic flavour. A Catholic royalist, he disliked politicians, Jews, freemasons, town-Arabs and journalists; he liked warlike Berber chieftains and smart young staff officers with lapidary prose-styles (his own, which found magisterial expression in his *Du Rôle Social de l'Officier dans le service militaire universel*, won him election to the Academy). His formula for life, he told Mr. Selous, was: *Savoir; Savoir-faire; Savoir faire faire; Savoir faire savoir.* Lyautey's heroes were Bugeaud and Gallieni, the conquerors of Algeria and Tonking, and he employed their methods to annexe Morocco. When the French Government (a left-wing one, of course) failed to send him enough troops he resigned in a huff. He disliked, it is true, killing more Arabs than was necessary, and deplored the rapacity of the French *colons;* he was even willing to go native, up to a point, and ordered French barracks to be built in pseudo-Moorish style (the deplorable results can be seen today in Rabat and Casablanca). But, at heart, he firmly believed that French civilisation and French bayonets went hand-in-hand—were, in fact, inseparable. The belief, alas, has persisted: as M. Bidault threatened, in an ill-fated phrase, *Le croissant ne l'emportera jamais sur la croix;* and his associates and successors, in trying to make it come true, are dragging France down to ruin.

A third form of relationship with the Arabs is one based, not on paternalism or on force, but on friendship. Mr. Morgan found it a remunerative one during the year he spent with the Ouled Naïl nomads of the northern Sahara. This obscure but fascinating tribe sends its daughters into the oasis towns to earn their dowries. They are gifted dancers and unscrupulous courtesans; some of them, indeed, amass considerable fortunes, but they rarely share their secrets with strangers—least of all Europeans. With patience and tact, however, Mr. Morgan eventually succeeded in winning their confidence; and his efforts were rewarded with the friendship of some of the world's most beautiful women—and, incidentally, with the material for a delightful book. Western governments, of course, are not always able to follow Mr. Morgan's example in their dealings with the Arabs; but if they are wise, they will increasingly lean towards his methods, rather than those of Lyautey and Sir Alec.

PAUL JOHNSON

The Way We Live Now

Life in Britain. By J. D. SCOTT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

Our shelves are full of books on foreign countries; and we learn more by reading about other countries than by visiting them. The books range from time-tables to histories. They describe everything—food, buildings and, above all, that profound mystery "national character." Mr. Scott has set out to do the same sort of thing for our own country; and, with one reservation, has done it very well. His only weakness is that he has not quite decided what he is doing. Is this a book to put in the hands of an intelligent foreign visitor, so as to avoid a lot of tiresome questions? Or is it intended for English people, to make them think about themselves and their future? The answer seems to be: a bit of both. Some of the book, particularly the earlier part, is full of the quick illuminating remarks that one would expect from a sensitive artist. Later on, Mr. Scott recollects that strangers may be looking and is on his best behaviour, like a man taking a prospective purchaser round the house and steering attention away from the damp patches.

What is the damp patch in British life? It is class. Mr. Scott begins dramatically with the famous quotation from Disraeli about the Two Nations: The Rich and The Poor. He adds that the differences of income and even of property are less than they were a century ago; and he is probably right. The very rich and the very poor are both disappearing. But what has taken their place is a two-class society. A hundred years ago England was a social rainbow with a long series of middle-classes between rich and poor. Now we are much more precisely two nations than we were in Disraeli's time, nations for which we have only the clumsy indicators U and non-U. Nothing cuts across these dividing lines any longer. There

are no regional differences, except in regard to Scotland; there is no difference between town and country, or Church and Chapel. It is impossible to be wealthy without being U, until we get to the world of Billy Hill; and equally impossible to be an educated working-man of the Keir Hardie type.

Mr. Scott recognises some of this, though he keeps wandering away from it. His first chapter on social life is full of penetrating remarks; and he is equally good on the look of the place. He knows that historic England is done for. As he says, "taking England as a whole, it is too late for protests." Anyone who cares for natural or architectural beauty should walk round England with his eyes shut, and save his energy for preserving, say, Mexico or Asia Minor. The sooner England is one vast Woolworth's the better for everybody. This is probably the only thing on which classes and masses are agreed. Mr. Scott is also ruthless in describing our two-nation system of education, though he sheers away from the appalling consequences. But when he comes to politics, he is hypnotised by the existence of two parties; and he perversely attempts to discover differences between them. Of course politicians have to do this, in order to keep their knockabout turn going; but there is no need for others to abet their efforts. Both parties belong to the Establishment; and the only result of giving everyone the vote is that nine-tenths of the population have no representatives. The proof is that when Mr. Scott writes on the economic situation, his chapter reads like a government hand-out; and the hand-out would be exactly the same if the other party were in power.

This is rather a depressing book for those who would like to be proud of England. Mr. Scott throws in a terrible verdict: "In Britain, just as one sometimes feels it is always raining, so one feels it is always closing time." However, the foreign visitor will not notice these sad undertones. He will find much enlightenment in the book. But one thing will puzzle him, when he compares it with books on other countries: there is no mention of food. And quite right too: there is none worth mentioning. The wise visitor will come with much sentiment and no appetite.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Cool and Hot

Jazz, Its Evolution and Essence. By ANDRÉ HODEIR. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

There is nothing wrong with this admirable book except its readers. Whatever the case may be in M. Hodeir's France, the musically educated jazz-lover for whom he writes is still rare in this country. The bulk of the jazz public—M. Hodeir gives an admirable descriptive analysis of it in passing—consists of adolescents who require from jazz-criticism a passionate affirmation of the rightness of their taste (whatever it may be), not a jazz equivalent to Tovey. This book, if they can read it, will do them a great deal of good. The very effort of following a 22-page musical analysis of a single 78in. side (Ellington's *Concerto for Cootie*) is salutary. But one has to be a lover of jazz before one can get full value out of M. Hodeir. He makes no concessions to the beginner: even the pieces he chooses for analysis—some early "Hot Fives", the work of the trombonist Dickie Wells, the saxophonist Charlie Parker, the trumpeter Miles Davies and others—are not those one would normally recommend to the uninitiated. The average reader will therefore have to get his profit from M. Hodeir's general and passing reflections, which are numerous, extremely intelligent and charmingly Left Bank.

M. Hodeir is one of the most formidably equipped jazz critics, and, while his taste is perhaps not so "natural" as that of the wilful and intuitive pioneer Panassié, his judgments sound so right, at least to me, that he inspires considerable confidence. On the other hand, like all jazz critics, he grinds an axe, though less ruthlessly than the fanatical "ancients" who regard all jazz after

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1930 as degenerate or the devoted "moderns" who dismiss practically everything that happened before 1942. He believes in progress, in unity, and in a formally definable "essence" of jazz. The first belief leads him into the difficulty that the increasing technical accomplishment, subtlety and complexity of jazz can be demonstrated, but not any increase in that emotional impact which he himself recognises as the chief attraction of this music. Jazz clearly becomes more interesting to musicians, but not "better". The young Negro players of talent who are, without exception, "modernists" may be right, the great public which enjoys the "ancient" music of, say Mr. Humphrey Lyttleton, wrong; but neither are right or wrong *a priori*.

The second and third beliefs lead M. Hodeir into the heroic but impossible attempt to establish a single formal criterion for what is jazz and what is not. This dream has always haunted jazz criticism, for a very sound reason: it deals with a non-commercial music which flourishes in the environment of show business, is enjoyed by an undiscriminating public, and thus bastardised and debased with frightful ease. But as the music also changes very rapidly, it can't be defined by purely formal criteria, since these are impermanent. It has historic unity: that of the evolution of certain groups in American society, and of the peculiar musical language they created. To trace the process which led from the military marches of New Orleans through the Negro night-club bands of Kansas City to the Hindemithian and Bartokian experiments of the "cool" Californians is easy; but it does not follow that the last music is the same as the first in any significant sense. Both can be readily distinguished from music which speaks a language belonging to another "linguistic family". Both can in general—but not always in individual instances—be distinguished from bastardised idioms evolved by show-business or on the borderlines between classical music and jazz. But the search for the single formal criterion is vain, and even M. Hodeir, who pins his faith to the interplay of the two indefinable but quite real rhythmic concepts of "tension" and "relaxation" ("heat" and "swing") admits defeat. He holds that early jazz lacked "swing", while the most recent "cool" musicians, as their name implies, practically eliminate the "hot" tension.

The failure of his attempt does not discredit his admirable book. It merely raises problems which bedevil all formal criticism, indeed all criticism. Nor should we blame him because his analytical rigour does not in fact *prove* that Louis Armstrong or Charlie Parker are geniuses (a word which he rightly uses with the utmost economy), or that Fats Waller's "Keepin' Out" is a splendid piano solo. We and he know that by intuition, which analysis does little more than confirm or rationalise. It adds to our enjoyment; but above all it contributes to the pleasures of jazz an element of intellectual discipline which the study of any art urgently needs.

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Crime and Punishment

Crime and Social Action. By GEORGE GODWIN. *Tavistock: Watts.* 18*s*.

The title of this book suggests—to me, at any rate—a portentous sociological treatise interesting, if at all, only to the specialist. It is in fact a lively collection of popular studies of personalities who have made landmarks in the history of crime and punishment. Though Mr. Godwin covers so much ground that his treatment of his subject is at times necessarily sketchy it is never hackneyed or superficial; his own reading has been wide and deep and his comments are always significant. There is no topic on which popular feeling is more variable or more liable to influence by irrelevant sentiments than criminology, and Mr. Godwin's firm grasp of principles and theories makes his work particularly valuable. Even he cannot do much, however, to enliven his first group of notabilities, the scientific pioneers, who generalised so dogmatically, and usually so unscientifically, on the causes of crime. Here are Lombroso, who saw the criminal as determined by the shape of his skull, Schlapp by his glands, Lange by his genes, Dr. Wertheim by the harsh injustices of society, Goring (who had the broadest vision of all) by some inadequacy in his mental and physical make-up. Much more attractive and beneficial to humanity were the penal reformers, Samuel Romilly, Howard, Elizabeth Fry, Thomas M. Osborne and coming to our own time East and Hubert, familiar figures indeed but able to stand up to a new assessment. I am particularly pleased to note that Mr. Godwin does justice to Beccaria, who is usually dismissed with the inadequate note that he abolished torture in Europe.

A section on "Murder and Madness" shows the author as sane and well-balanced on these confusing issues as he is on penology. But I think he has gone beyond his brief in his account of the Electro-encephalograph, and he has been misled into thinking that the interpretation of its readings is more certain than is actually the case. In many instances it is a diagnostic implement of immense value but no one is yet in a position to say definitely as does the author, that the 15-20 per cent. of the population with "abnormal" patterns are "potential criminals," or that "a number of epileptics whose mental disease should have secured for them the appropriate verdict of 'guilty but insane' have been hanged." Contrary to a statement on page 63 neither Craig nor Bentley was an epileptic in any sense of the term, though one of them had an abnormal E.E.G. One should sympathise heartily with the psychiatrist in the courts who has (as Mr. Godwin points out) been for years accused of trumping up a diagnosis of mental disease for the purposes of the defence and now finds himself abused—or pushed aside—because he refuses to do so! These deviations notwithstanding, this book makes an excellent and stimulating introduction to the study of the criminal and society's duty towards him.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Church Mice

Economic Problems of the Church from Archbishop Whitgift to the Long Parliament. By CHRISTOPHER HILL. *Oxford.* 42*s*.

In 1628 William Laud, then Bishop of London, at last achieved his ambition: he obtained control over the English Church. It was not a moment too soon, for after the years that Abbot had eaten there was a great deal to do. The Romish Beast had indeed been turned out of the temple but, as in la Fontaine's fable, the hunters, the hounds, the beaters, the followers had left the property in a sorry state. Now, during years of neglect, vermin had multiplied within the Church and weeds were strangling it from without; the neighbours had pilfered the lead, the birds stolen the fruit; how could one possibly find respectable incumbents? The bishop had a tidy mind, great energy, a genius for detail. Unfortunately he was getting on in years. However, he set to work. For 12 years he shored up the walls, set traps for the mice, shooed away the birds, scolded the neighbours, haggled with the contractors, hoed and trenched and weeded. Alas! The church was in such a state that only the weeds held it together. After 12 years of weeding the whole fabric tumbled down on the head of that indefatigable, intemperate, devoted, unskilful restorer.

Why did it fall? What deep internal contradictions made repair at once so necessary and so fatal? Mr. Hill has analysed, with the most expert and minute care, every mouse-run, every fissure, every weed. This is a work of detail, but in the best sense. The learning is marvellously compact and sure, and yet never disorderly; the presentation is lucid, the style terse, ironical and yet humane. Moreover, Mr. Hill has read the literature as well as the documents of the period. Economic facts, to him, are not mere statistics: they are the significant stuff of daily life, the fuel of those mounting passions which inflamed a revolution: the radical indignation of the Puritans, the desperate conservative energy of Laud, the proud, contemptuous, powerful eloquence of Milton. As such they may in themselves be mean or even comic; they cannot be irrelevant or beneath the dignity of history.

The basic problem of Laud's Church was its poverty. That lay at the root of its difficulties: its absentee ministers "in pluralities asleep", its "dumb dogs", its parsons who were "apt to confuse Jesus with Judas", who made unequal bargains with their patrons, who wrangled ignominiously with other peasants in "the ignoble hucksterage of piddling tithes". How could able men, fit preachers to the educated laity, be enticed into livings of £4 or even £30 a year? In such circumstances plurality and non-residence were a necessity. Moreover, the payment of the clergy came from tithes, and tithes were not only contentious in form, unequal in incidence and difficult to collect: they were also—and this, together with the secular price-rise, was the fundamental cause of poverty—often alienated or impropriated. When tithes were impropriated, the rector might get £600 a year from them, leaving £13 a year to the vicar; and this rector would be either a lay-patron, hard to resist, or a clerical patron—a bishop, a chapter or a college—who thus had a vested interest in the *status quo*. Every attempt to raise the living standards of the Church thus ran up against opposition, either of tithe-payers or of those who had so far escaped tithe-paying or of the gentry or of the higher clergy. Of course, there was wealth in the country to tap; but how could it be tapped? By persuasion? Laud was not very good at persuasion: in his mouth the words turned into peremptory orders which stiffened resistance. The Puritans would augment livings, they said, but on their terms: they would not have a Laudian parson. By authority? Laud tried authority. The answer was revolution.

Could it have been otherwise? According to Mr. Hill it could not. Again and again he turns

briefly from his lucid analysis to say that there was no possible solution except a frontal showdown. It was "the rise of capitalism", he says, which posed all these problems of Church property, Church patronage, Church doctrine. The Puritans were the capitalist classes; they were already entrenched; their victory was inevitable, and good predestinarian bishops rationally resigned themselves to it: "it was the Arminians, the believers in free will, who set themselves against the stream". Insoluble otherwise, the problem was "settled . . . by the blood and iron of the civil war". After that there was no trouble, "for in between the transfer of political power had taken place". The Puritan Revolution was the decisive crunch between two economic systems, the first victorious challenge by the European bourgeoisie.

Personally, I differ. I do not believe that "the rise of capitalism and the Reformation" are "connected phenomena", or that what happened was quite so necessary, so predetermined, so conclusive. I sometimes feel that Mr. Hill strains his evidence. Was Essex puritan because it was an "economically advanced" county? Was it not perhaps because the Earl of Warwick, that genial political buccaneer, happened to live there and control the patronage? And is it certain that no compromise was possible? Mr. Hill's own evidence shows a general improvement after 1600—alienation of church property stopped, clergy better educated, "growing prudence and restraint" by patrons, augmentations offered by moderate Puritan laity to moderate Anglican clergy. It can be argued that if Laud had not been an old man in a hurry, a *modus vivendi* could have been reached. After all, what did the Revolution really solve? Were there no poor vicars, no plurality, no non-residence, no tithe troubles, no lay patronage, no beneficial leases after 1660? These things existed also in seventeenth-century France and Spain. Why, then, did they not lead to revolution there? They provoked revolution in sixteenth-century Scotland, but where was Scottish "capitalism"? Such comparative questions must be asked before we can generalise: the inevitability of an event cannot be proved from one instance.

But this difference of interpretation should not be my final word on so admirable a book. Mr. Hill occasionally refreshes himself with the Marxist whisky-bottle, but his writing is cool and sober. We may take or leave his generalisations, which he never imposes on us. His facts, and his presentation of them, impose themselves and evoke only gratitude and admiration. The book is a model of scholarship. As for his style, I am tempted to use about it the phrase which he uses about the incomparable Selden: "such subtle Æsopian writing, of which Selden was a master, is a joy to read."

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POLITICALLY the Third Republic may have been a melancholy and rather squalid affair. Yet the half century after the defeat of 1870 witnessed not only an extraordinary flowering of French painting and literature, but also what is perhaps the greatest period in French music. At the very centre of this revival of French musical genius stands Debussy's endlessly fascinating *Pelléas et Mélisande*, a work that is characteristically ambivalent in its relationship to the Wagnerian music drama.

There is a good deal to be said for the new Philips recording of *Pelléas et Mélisande*. For one thing it is a full disc shorter than the Decca version which is inexcusably stretched over eight sides. For another, although the general quality of the recording is less good than on Decca, the balance between voices and orchestra is far happier. Finally, the young lovers seem to me to be better cast: Camille Maurane is a more boyish, hesitant Pelléas than Pierre Mollet, and Janine Micheau sings with a gentleness that is somewhat lacking in Danco's competent and skilful but rather hard Mélisande. None the less, I still prefer the Decca set, for Ansermet draws out all the magical poetry, the wonderful effects of light and shadow, of sea and sky and forests that play over this miraculous score. At first Fournet's more dramatic and less dreamlike approach on Philips may make Ansermet seem a little trance-like. But Fournet overpresses the tempi and the drama, making the latter too explicit, overt and theatrical. Ansermet's approach is more relaxed, spacious and restrained. And by keeping the drama subservient to the atmosphere (so that one *sees* it through a dreamlike haze) he is able to give the climatic scene, when ghastly reality suddenly breaks in on the dream, a force and a horror that lie beyond Fournet's more conventionally operatic reading.

After Gieseking's authoritative recordings of the Debussy *Préludes* it is not easy to recommend any other version. None the less there are two new recordings of both books that in their different ways should not be neglected. On two excellently recorded Nixa discs, Reine Gianoli plays with a most attractive lucidity, and a sharp sense of rhythm and line. What her crisp, chiselled performances lack is the haze of poetry that Gieseking throws over this music. This is precisely what Gulda tries to achieve on two Decca discs, but in the process he too often blurs the music's texture. On occasions, however, he succeeds, and whereas Gianoli's coolness in *La Terrasse des audiences au clair de lune* borders on the perfunctory, Gulda gives a rapt performance. And he captures the calm melancholy of *Canopes* and *Des pas sur la neige* in a manner that lies outside Gianoli's range. Yet he approaches the brilliance of *Les collines d'Anacapri* in a rather too Lisztian manner, whereas Gianoli throws it off tinglingly crisp, gay.

If, as an interpreter of Debussy, Gieseking is

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Some glory in their birth, some in their skill
Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day.
When I consider everything that grows.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow.
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly.
So am I as the rich, whose blessed key.
Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed.
Is it thy will, thy Image should keep open.
That time of year thou mayest in me behold.
Tir'd with all these for restful death I cry.
Full many a glorious morning have I seen.
Being your slave what should I do but tend.
How like a Winter morning hath my absence been.
Sweet love renew thy force, be it not said.
To me fair friend, you never can be old.
When in the Chronicle of wasted time.
As an unperfect actor on the stage.
Let me not to the marriage of true minds.
They that have power to hurt, and will do none.
When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes.

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unrivalled, his Ravel is a good deal less authoritative. I had hoped to be able to compare his playing of the complete edition of Ravel's piano music, which has recently been issued on two and a half Columbia discs, with a similar set done by Casadesus on Philips. This has unfortunately not proved possible, but even so Gieseking's recordings are severely challenged by a Ducretet Thomson disc, containing among other things *Gaspard de la Nuit* and the Sonatina, played by Daniel Weyenberg. There is no doubt that Gieseking extracts much atmosphere from the music. Thus his *Pavane* captures a quality of austere and stately mourning, and *Le Gibet* has a poetry that Wayenberg misses. But the trouble with much of Gieseking's playing is that he seems to see Ravel through the eyes of Debussy, so that he is constantly tempted to throw a wash of sound over music that needs the greatest lucidity; and there are moments when his slight rhythmic hesitations are decidedly affected. Weyenberg, who is much better recorded, plays with splendid melodic and rhythmic definition and his texture is unfailingly clean and sparkling. Above all, he gives the music a sense of onward movement that Gieseking's too loving handling often misses.

No one with a taste for French song should miss a ten-inch Decca disc that contains Ravel's *Histoires Naturelles*. In these delicious settings of Jules Renard, poet and composer combine to mock human frailty in the guise of birds and insects with the most delicate irony and wit and a gentle lyricism, in a manner that is quite irresistible when the songs are sung and played with such exquisite gaiety and sense of style as they are here by Gérard Souzay and Jaqueline Bonneau. The other side of this well-recorded disc contains five of Fauré's settings of Verlaine.

Ma Mère l'Oye is another of Ravel's most enchanting pieces and a decent rather than an outstanding performance by Ingelbrecht and the Orchestra of the Théâtre des Champs Elysées is available on a Ducretet Thomson disc. On the reverse side there is a competent account of *Rapsodie Espagnole* and the attractive orchestral version of *Une Barque sur l'Océan*, but these opulent scores need more fine-grained and carefully balanced texture than they get here. None the less, the disc is good value for those to whom the coupling appeals; and apart from strings that sound like a silk dress being drawn across a floor and a percussion that at moments booms disagreeably the recordings are spacious and clean.

There is, I am sure, every reason to prefer a performance of the Fauré *Requiem* by Ansermet on Decca to one by Ingelbrecht on Ducretet Thomson. The Ansermet disc has atmosphere and authenticity, it is suave, unhurried and gentle, both the recording and balance between choir and orchestra is admirable, and Souzay and Danco are distinguished soloists. But I must confess to finding it a most powerful sedative. Ingelbrecht's soloists, recording and balance are all inferior, and he presses his tempi as though he were a little bored with the music. Still, his more vigorous approach does at least keep one awake, and he makes room for performances of the choral version of the famous *Pavane*, a fearful little *Cantique de Racine* whose sentiments are more impressive than their musical clothing, and the rather charming *Madrigal*.

One of the attractive things about the Philips green label series is the amount of music they usually contain. Thus while the performance of the two suites from Roussel's *Bacchus et Ariadne* by the Lamoureux Orchestre under Jean Martinon are sound and robust rather than remarkable, it is unusual to find both suites, lasting in all almost 40 minutes, on a cheap and well-recorded ten-inch disc. Those whose discrimination is larger than their pocket will, however, find little of the finer points of phrasing and balance and some lack of precision in these performances.

Chausson's talent is overshadowed by the more imposing figure of his master Franck. But his music is often unjustly neglected, for at its best it has distinction and individuality. His *Poème de L'Amour et de la Mer*, which is now available on a ten-inch Decca disc, is splendidly sung by Irma Kolassi, who imparts a rhythmic vitality and dramatic drive that is lacking in the performance of the L.P.O. under Louis de Froment. The recording is uneven, and the voice in particular is at moments uncomfortable. I cannot, however, say that either the *Symphonie sur un chant montagnard français* or the *Jour d'Eté à la Montagne* fill me with desire to break a lance for d'Indy. Passages of heavy-handed impressionist writing are even more embarrassing than the music's general flavour of pedestrian academicism. Both works are available on one Ducretet Thomson disc, but the recording is mediocre. Apart from some excellent playing from the pianist, Daniel Wayenberg, the performances of the orchestra of the Théâtre des Champs Elysées under Ernest Bour are disappointing. Even the flutes are poor, and that is rare in France.

Philips have now added to their large Berlioz list new recordings of the *Grande Messe des Morts* and *Les Nuits d'Eté*. In spite of its monumental quality, the core of the Requiem lies in the wonderful expressiveness of Berlioz's highly individual melodic line. Unfortunately while the choir of the Rochester (U.S.A., not Kent) Oratorio Society conducted by Theodore Hollenbach are quite able to deal with the straightforward contrapuntal writing of the "Hosanna in excelsis," they flounder hopelessly in the essentially melodic writing of the Lacrymosa and Offertorium, and their inability to sustain a demanding line robs the music of its sense of onward thrust. The recording of these two discs is quite good and the issue will certainly be welcomed by fanatical Berliozians like myself.

Few songs so magically catch the nostalgia and exoticism of French romanticism as *Les Nuits d'Eté*. Mitropoulos takes them at rather deliberate tempi on a new Philips disc, but he exactly catches the sensuous elegance and lucidity of this music, and here at any rate is a conductor who completely understands and realises Berlioz's elusive melodic style. Eleanor Steber sings with much more sensibility than Danco on an old Decca recording, but unfortunately the upper reaches of her voice too often emerge with a disagreeably pinched and impure quality. Although this record also contains three songs including *La Captive*, it might be as well to wait for a de los Angeles recording that is on its way.

Parlophone has produced a marvellous disc on which Conchita Supervia sings excerpts from *Carmen*. No doubt fault can be found with her singing, and her style has a pungency that does not appeal to everyone. But how extraordinarily vivid everything she does is, from her baiting of Don José to her reading of her own death in the cards. The transfer has been skilfully done and the quality of sound is surprisingly good.

PETER HEYWORTH

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,384

Set by John Pomfret

Mr. Raymond Mortimer wrote recently that "despondency, which used to be the burden of the proletariat, has become the privilege of the intelligentsia." The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from a journal kept by a young, middle-aged or elderly despondent. Limit 150 words. Entries by September 18.

Result of No. 1,381

Set by Walter Allen

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt—not more than 150 words of prose or 16 lines of verse—from a new masterpiece entitled *The Offsider* or *Wedlock and After* written in collaboration by Messrs. Angus, Sandy and Colin Wilson.

Report

"Congratulations on setting the hardest competition yet!" wrote one competitor, who, just to make things more difficult, had added Mr. Edmund Wilson to the original trio for luck. And Oh for an entry from Mr. Edmund Wilson, the most brilliant parodist and *pasticheur* writing today. It was soon evident that this was the sort of competition in which one awards prizes for gallant failure rather than success; evident, too, that competitors knew their Angus Wilson much better than their Sandy and Colin. There were very few attempts at Mr. Sandy Wilson's brand of musical comedy lyrics and none that was good enough. The football *motif* in the title also rather floored competitors: it might have been better to have taken it as purely metaphorical; but I had hoped for a snatch from a football musical. I thought Austin Baker's entry promising, with its lyric:

> You're so cute you're
> Essential to my future
> Plans.
> The way we're heading
> They'll have to read the wedding
> Banns;

but it tailed off at the end. Richard Brown and J. E. Hinder both caught echoes of Mr. Angus Wilson's sardonic disgust. But Bevis seemed to me most successful in evoking all three. The runners-up were Gloria Prince, A. M. Sayers and Richard Brown. I suggest a prize of two guineas to Bevis, and a guinea each to the others.

"You remind me of someone," said Lois, swinging her beads in time to a distant small orchestra. "Is it Michelangelo?" (Or Proust? Or Thomas Aquinas?)

"Do I?" The young man spoke with no helpful emphasis and continued his manicure.

"Yes." The old lady thought, without bitterness, of all the husbands she had buried and, releasing the beads, went over to the piano.

"You remind me of someone,
You bring back a memory . . ."

The music was Gluck's. (Or Honegger's? Or Hummel's? Or anyone else whose name is likely to make other people feel guilty at only half-recognising them.)

"Stow it," said the young man, his nail-file now menacing the tired folds of her neck. "I'm listening to that orchestra." (Or Band? Or Combination?) There was silence for a moment, then, defiantly, gently, wistfully even, the old lady began to sing again.

"You bring back a memory
Of someone divine."

BEVIS

She stood at the window in a voluminous salmon-pink nightgown, staring angrily out at the lobelias. How different it would all have been with Boop-a-doop! The Boy Friend. Behind her the Offsider momentarily stopped sucking at his hollow teeth in order

to spit ringingly into the bucket. Her dewy-cornflower eyes hardening with a snap, she turned. In muddy cotton shorts and striped jersey, as indifferent to the holes in his greasy socks as to the stubble on his grimy cheeks, he sat scowling into vacancy, his powerful shoulders bowed under the weight of the League's troubles. How should Man play? Should Man play? Man—what is Man? What is Sport? A Room in Bloomsbury, she thought wistfully. Oh, Boy Friend, I Could Be Happy with You! The Offsider whinnied unseemingly at some mental quirk and rubbed his immense knees. Grimly Vera waddled from the room.

GLORIA PRINCE

Ferdie knew that the offside rule was not for him. When the ref., spotting his infringement of the code, whistled him up, he gave no sign of contrition. His cheek burned, but not with shame; rather, with rage that this unnatural convention should be enforced against him. Guthrie's playful "Ferd, Ferd, not the game, you know!" with its hint of old-school decency, made him sick, and Maisie's gentle rebuke afterwards; "My dear, you're *always* doing that!" enraged him almost to the point of striking her. Stan, of course, understood: there was passionate sympathy in his blue eyes as he stepped back, unwilling, for the free kick. But what were Ferdie and Stan against the unimaginative callousness of the whole world?

A. M. SAYERS

John said, "It was a bastard trick to play."

Dinah went on sewing and singing. A sweet nostalgic little song about two people and one room, thirty years old but appropriate. The door opened and Bernie Silver came in sideways. John remained sprawled on the bed. Bernie spoke to Dinah but looked at John.

"Douglas Williamson that I'm dresser for is auditioning for the new musical tomorrow, an English one. It ought to be just you. Ten-thirty at the theatre." He put in a little eye-work on John as he went out. With the bitch away on a three months tour you never knew. But John didn't notice. He was brooding. A transfer fee like that was an insult, and what about the pension?

Dinah put the tea cups in the wash basin and went on singing. Bloomsbury or Shepherd's Bush, it was all much the same.

RICHARD BROWN

City Lights

Midas in August

One of Mr. Macmillan's many amiable weaknesses is his habit of stealing his own (and the Treasury's) thunder, of bubbling over with the news before time, first a little of it, and then a little more, but each time enough to make the headlines. The economic news becomes a running serial, each instalment containing more detail and less surprises: the public is educated about the facts of life by easy stages. Nobody, for example, expected the August gold and dollar figures to be particularly good, if only because a $54m debt to the E.P.U. had been carried over from July. Last week the Chancellor eased the shock a little further by hinting that the fall would turn out to be "quite substantial". When the news finally came that the reserve had dropped by $129m during last month, nearly half as much as it had risen in the previous seven months, nobody was very surprised: the gilt-edged market turned rather better.

There is something to justify this technique. The trade gap, after all, has continued to narrow. The third quarter of the year is traditionally a bad time for the gold reserve, and most of last month's drop (plus the further deficit with E.P.U., which starts off the current account with a debit of $39m) must have been connected in some way or another with the Suez crisis. Apart from ordinary speculation, there have been rumours that Kuweit is taking some of its money out of London and that China is turning its sterling into Swiss francs for love of Egypt. But the Chancellor has some reason to be anxious. The gold reserve has dropped sharply, whatever the reason, and may drop further over the rest of the year as a whole. The unions, with the Transport Workers at their head, seem unenthusiastic about wage restraint. The improvement in the trade balance has still to prove itself permanent: so far it has been based largely on the running-down of stocks and competition for markets has not yet become acute. The partriachal press is already coupling firmness over wages and Suez as tests of the nation's greatness and unbuttoning its trousers for more deflation. It is just as well for the gilt-edged market that the gold reserve will be swollen by the $180m due from the sale of Trinidad Oil to the Texas Company.

* * *

The third man in the Friary-Meux merger soon turned out to be Flowers Brewery. The Meux price oscillated hopefully for a day or two until it became known that Flowers had agreed to accept the merger terms in respect of its own holding. It was announced at the same time that, following the merger, a number of arrangements would be made of mutual benefit—Flowers' bitter, among other things, will now be sold through a number of Meux houses in London. Meux shareholders, already caught short by Flowers' decision to accept the merger, were not pleased to learn that a 10 per cent. shareholding seems to carry more weight than a smaller one.

* * *

American interest in Trinidad has prompted quite a number of people to speculate on the possibilities of oil companies which may be next on the list. One of them is Premier Consolidated Oilfields—a small company with a capital of £340,000 in 1s. shares, which resulted from the merger of three ailing concerns in 1950, and whose Trinidad property is managed by Trinidad Oil. Commercially, there is not very much to be said for it. Its past tax losses are used up, and paying U.K. tax has made such a large hole in its profits that the latest dividend, after being cut from 20 to 12½ per cent., is still only one-third covered by earnings. Yet speculative hopes have taken the shares to a price where they yield much less than the safest industrial blue-chip.

These hopes have been somewhat dashed by a piece of news slipped into the chairman's report. The company it seems, has borrowed £150,000. In view of its financial position, there is nothing very surprising about that. But it has borrowed it from another company, Bowring & Co., which had a finger in the 1950 merger and which has since then supplied Premier with one of its directors. And in exchange for the loan (which will not go very far) it has given Bowring's an option to buy 1.5m. of its shares for 2s. at any time during the next ten years.

This, the other shareholders are thinking, is an odd sort of transaction. It not only has the advantage of every share option of this kind—at best you make a big profit, at worst you get your money back. It gives you ten years for things to turn out profitably, and it starts off with the market price of Premier already more than 50 per cent. above the optional buying price. More than this, it is tempting to connect the size of the option with the sizeable purchases of Premier shares which have been going on recently. Whoever controls Premier at the moment, and whoever may be thinking of making a bid for it, will have to reckon with the fact that nearly a fifth of the capital is controlled by the Bowring option. Questions are likely at next week's meeting.

* * *

Triplex, you may remember, cut its dividend the other day in spite of higher profits, and brought in the economic situation as one of its reasons for doing so. The City prefers its patriotism to be less ostentatious, and there was a great deal of muttering at the time about cutting directors' fees as well. One of the company's stockholders—surely not a director?—has a nicer sense of values. The agenda for the company's coming meeting carries a resolution suggesting that the directors in the coming year should share a £10,000 bonus in addition to their normal entitlement.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 356. The Perfect Game

Is there such a thing? If indeed there is, a dozen of them are duly listed by Irving Chernev and Fred Reinfeld in their *Fireside Book of Chess* (*Simon & Schuster*, $5); and if such galaxy of perfection includes a game won in our own old City Club by our own Frank Parr; so very nearly our own new champion; and if it is dubbed "one of the finest attacking games of all time" and "one of the greatest combinative games on record," it seems time to remember it.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(16)	KtxP!	KtxP(BxR?)
(2)	P-QB4	P-KKt3	(17)	QR-B1	B-K3
(3)	P-KKt3	B-Kt2	(18)	R-B5	Q-Kt3
(4)	B-Kt2	P-Q4	(19)	R-Kt5	Q-R3
(5)	PxP	KtxP	(20)	Kt-B5!	KtxP
(6)	Kt-QB3	KtxKt	(21)	KtxB!	KtxR
(7)	PxKt	P-QB4	(22)	Kt-Kt5!!	Kt-Q7
(8)	P-K3	O-O	(23)	QxP ch	K-R1
(9)	Kt-K2	Kt-B3	(24)	B-Q5!	P-R3
(10)	O-O	PxP	(25)	B-QKt2!	R-KKt1
(11)	BPxP	P-K4?	(26)	Q-Q7!	Q-R5
(12)	P-Q5!	Kt-K2	(27)	B-Kt3	KtxB
(13)	B-QR3	R-K1	(28)	Kt-B7 ch	K-R2
(14)	Kt-B3	Q-R4	(29)	R-KR5!!	Q-R4
(15)	Q-Kt3	P-K5	(30)	RxP ch!	resigns

The 400 pages of the book are crammed with amusing stories and anecdotes; with brilliancy prize games, quickies, slugging matches; with information on the first chess book published at Augsburg in 1472, the first chess column in the Liverpool Mercury 1813, the first chess magazine (*La Palamède*) in Paris 1836; with statistics such as Steinitz (at Vienna 1873) scoring 16 out of 16, Moreau (at Monte Carlo 1903) scoring 0 out of 26, and Tchigorin (at Monte Carlo 1902) defeating Mason in 144 moves and losing to Marshall in 8 moves; and with Q-odd games such as N. Potter's who announced a mate in 9 after a mere 6 moves:

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, Kt-B3; (4) Kt-B3, Kt-QR4; (5) KtxP, KtxP; (6) P-Q3, Kt-B4. And now: (7) BxP ch, K-K2; (8) B-Kt5 ch, K-Q3; (9) Kt-K5 ch, KxKt; (10) P-B4 ch, K-B4; (11) Kt-Q4 ch, K-Kt5; (12) P-R3 ch, K-Kt6; (13) Kt-K2 ch, KxP, (14) B-Q5 ch, Kt-K5; (15) BxKt mate.

From an *embarras de richesse* of master-brilliancies I might as well pick the one declared by the winner (Najdorf) to be his own favourite. He played it against Shapiro at Lodz, 1929.

(1)	P-K4	P-K3	(12)	R-K1	Kt-B1
(2)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(13)	RxP!	KtxR
(3)	Kt-QB3	PxP	(14)	B-QB4	Q-Q3
(4)	KtxP	Kt-Q2	(15)	B-KR6	B-KB1
(5)	Kt-KB3	KKt-B3	(16)	R-K1	B-B1
(6)	B-Q3	B-K2	(17)	Q-K8!	B-Q2
(7)	O-O	P-QKt3	(18)	RxKt!	RxQ
(8)	Kt-K5!	B-Kt2	(19)	RxR ch	B-K3
(9)	KtxKt c)	PxKt?	(20)	BxB ch	QxB
(10)	KtxP!!	KxKt	(21)	RxB mate	
(11)	Q-R5 ch	K-Kt1			

A: Holt 1938

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the win in a few moves. **B**—White to win—is a classic and should provide 6 easy points even for those who don't know it. **C** (7 points) is quite a beauty. It's a win for White, and there is a certain affinity between all three. Usual prizes. Entries by Sept. 17.

B: Troitzky

C: Belenkin

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 353. Set August 18

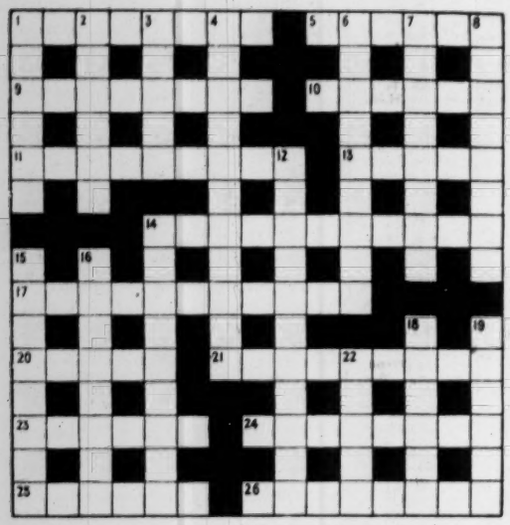
A: (1) . . . P-R7. (2) K-Kt2, B-K5 ch. (3) K x P, B-Q4. etc.
B: (1) Kt-B3, K-R3. (2) B-Kt8, Kt-K2 ch. (3) K-K6, Kt x B. (4) K-B7, K-R2. (5) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-R1. (6) P-B3! Kt-R3 ch. (7) K x P, Kt-Kt1. (8) Kt-B7 mate.
if (5) . . . K-R3; (6) P-B4!
C: (1) Kt-K7, Q-Q1. (2) K-B5, K-K1. (3) K-Kt5, K-B1. (4) K-R6, K-K1. (5) K-R7, K-B1. (6) B-Kt7, K-K1. (7) B-Q5, K-B1. (8) B-B7, P-Kt6. (9) B x P!! (P x P??), K-K1. (10) B-Q5, K-B1. (11) B-Kt7, K-K1. (12) B-B8, K-B1. (13) P-B4, K-K1 (14) P-B5, K-B1. (15) K-R6-Kt5-B4 etc., capturing the KRP.

Rather more foxed by B than by C. Prizes shared by E. Allan, W. H. L. Brooking, G. S. Fisher, A. E. Harris. Equally flawless solutions: D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, C. G. Hilton, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 215

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 215, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 18.



ACROSS

1. The bird is burning nothing (8).
5. Takes it out of the good in backward classes (6).
9. The tenant presented a pound to someone (8).
10. Aim for something high (6).
11. The bird to encircle river and lake (9).
13. The nymph has some time with me (5).
14. The players reduced a club to powder (11).
17. Here speaks a wandering poet (11).
20. Burdened with study for finals (5).
21. Go back with or without the bit reversed (9).
23. A beating makes a pattern on the skin (6).
24. Avoid the throw wrongly written (8).
25. Carol giving treatment (6).
26. Not even done haphazardly round the edge (8).

DOWN

1. Love a newspaper if looking up a newspaper (6).
2. Arrival of a volume in the grip of a publisher (6).
3. Home in the north in a big looking house (5).
4. The insect is a fat customer (11).
6. The end of the race with various heats following quickly (9).
7. A snack during the proceedings in court (8).
8. Shoot up in the midst of the officers (8).
12. Northcountryman shows canals potentially superior to a variety of train (11).
14. A warning on the grass for an inexperienced youth (9).
15. Alone supplying oil and dates (8).
16. A fellow gets old-fashioned in charges (8).
18. Make the member finish the story (6).
19. "Pitiful Titan, that — at the sweet tale of the sun" (*K. Henry IV, Pt.* 1) (6).
22. Nothing like exists in this pleasant spot (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 213

■	G	L	E	E	C	L	U	B	■	A	G	A	G
M	■	I	■	U	■	O	■	O	■	S	■	S	E
A	N	V	I	L	■	C	A	R	E	S	S	I	N	G
I	■	E	■	O	■	K	■	R	■	E	■	D	■	G
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PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 213

R. W. Page (Eastleigh), H. G. Bray (Birmingham, 17), H. Garland (Dover)

PERSONAL

CAR seats available to Photokina, Cologne & back. Pitt, 15 Southampton Mews, London, N.W.5. GUL. 6761.

CHRISTCHURCH Studio Theatre (non-professional), 156a Albany St., N.W.1. reqs expd. actors. TER 2079/write Theatre.

WRITING Circle, W.1., no fees. Enthusiasts, beginners welcomed. Box 7019.

"MUSIC in the Country House": 21-24 Sept. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "D. H. Lawrence Week-end."

YNG. doctor sks. pt.-time job to boost small salary. Any kind of work considered. Accom. accepted as reward. London area. Box 7014.

USE of artist's studio in West End London required few hours per day, 4 weeks October, by visiting Italian painter. Box 7062.

SPANISH: Lessons W.C.1 by Irish lady (writer) long resident Spain. Box 7074.

NEW members invited to join social &/or cultural group re-opening Sept. 24. Meetings held Chelsea. FLA. 9515.

INFORMAL music/literary group meeting Sunday, Sept. 9, 7.30. Please 'phone Mrs. Dunn, HAMpstead 8109.

CAN one sing (any language) informally in N., W. or Cent. London? Box 7054.

SEPTEMBER Holidays: we can still include you in our sunshine party to Rome and Positano (Sept. 14) with travel by air or rail or in our late September arrangement at Lake Garda & Venice. Details of these and other Autumn holidays in Britain, on the French Riviera and in Spain, from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

SHORT of Sunshine? Come to Spain—15 days from £33 inclusive. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middlesex. Molesey 2105.

PINK Shirts for pale people? ? Low prices for small pockets! Cool clothes for your Continental holiday from Vince Man's Shop of course. Call or send for Catalogue. Vince Man's Shop, Newburgh St., Fouberts Place, Regent St., London, W.1. GER. 3730.

WINTER Sports. A free holiday is available to anyone able to form a party of 15 or more members. Details of this and of our inexpensive Winter Sports arrangements from Erna Low, 47 (WS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

PAINTING Lessons. H. Sanders, 10 Highbury New Park. CAN. 8149.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

WHEREVER good Sherry is to be had, you will find Duff Gordon's El Cid. It's a fine light Amontillado—a sherry for the connoisseur. Named, appropriately enough, after a Spanish hero of the 11th century.

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CONTINENTAL girls sk. domestic posts au pair or full time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

PERSONAL—continued

EYESIGHT re-education. Refractive errors and squint treated by qualified Bates practitioner. Doris M. Brock, 55 Hale Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7. MIL. 2307.

EXP. Tailoring. Suits from £14 10s. S. Hirsh, 92 High St., Edgware. EDG 2275.

BOYS & Girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at the Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Eliz. Strachan. Hele 390.

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YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

FOREIGN Languages an Asset, "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, Casablanca, available, Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated & willing, immediately available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd. S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

A PART-time occupation by writing or drawing? Our personal home study course will interest you. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.50.P., London, W.4 (Associated with H.M.V.)

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

A CAROLINE ewer or a prosperous brewer: Anthony Panting would photograph them for you. 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8. MAI. 3200.

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SPORTSMEN and sedentary workers! Aching muscles, tired or overweight, try tonic treatment, foam and reducing baths, massage, colonic irrigation at Healthwise, WELbeck 0120.

MILLICENT. Send post-natal photograph by John Vickers of 29b Belgrave Road, S.W.1 (VIC. 4915) but do not come home. Love, Mother.

GRAMMAR School Entrance. A special home study course for parents wishing to help their children with the State Examination. Write E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.51.P., London, W.4. (Assoc. with H.M.V.)

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PERSONAL—continued

GRAMMAR School and Public School Common Entrance Examinations. Free attainment testing for children 7½-13½. Write for details of Simplified Postal Courses to the Registrar (Dept. D.D.3), Mercer's Correspondence College, 69 Wimpole St., W.1

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now available, 1s. post free. Welfare Advisory Centre, Russell House, Wilton, Wilts.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

WHERE TO STAY

EDINBURGH: Accomm. assured or arranged. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. (West End). Tel. 31905.

A LATE Summer? Enjoy a late holiday with sunny days at "Normanhurst." A few vacs. Sept./Oct. at small, friendly hotel in Sth. Coast resort noted for mild climate. Rec. by rdrs. Comfortable & well-equipped. From 6gns. wkly., incl. early tea, 4 meals dly., coffees, baths, fresh fruit, gratuities. Vegetarian if desired. Own beach hut. Illus. broch. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

AUTUMN holidays on moors with literary interest. Brontë Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. 18th Century house with modern amenities. Yorkshire hospitality.

HASSNESS Hotel, Buttermere, Cumberland, in the Lake District National Park. Open throughout the year. Reduced terms for Autumn and Winter holidays.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

HINDHEAD. A few late Summer holiday vacancies at The Rose House, noted for first-class up-to-date vegetarian food. 7½gns. weekly. Tel. 389. Lovely walking country.

OLD Jordans Hotel, Beaconsfield. A Quaker Guest House which is a real resting place. Apply Warden for brochure.

COTSWOLD Country and Stratford-on-Avon can be enjoyed from Cotswold House Hotel. Tel. Campden 330.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere. From 8½gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx, Robertsbridge 126.

ISLE of Wight Guest House by the sea, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism, optional, fresh-water pool) h. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation. Brochure (stamp), Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.O.W.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A., approved. Licensed. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

CARBIS Bay, St. Ives, Cornwall. Guests welcome at "Sherwell," Sept. and Oct. Overlooking Bay. Parking. Bed, bkfst., evg. dinner 5½gns. Tel. St. Ives 598.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

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BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted for comfort and excellent food. All bedrooms h. & c. Tel. 2516.

RESTFUL holidays in delightful surroundings, with good food, comf., pleasant company. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Far-sighted Militant," John Baird, M.P., in the September Labour Monthly. Also "War Hysteria & Second Thoughts," R. Palme Dutt; "The Suez Question," Quaestor; "Background to the Tory Squeeze," John Eaton; Marx Family Letters (continued); "Shaw & the Soviet," R. Page Arnot. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year. "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year. Collet's Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

MUSIC you prefer when you prefer it with European Radio. Programme details of 25 continental stations with articles and pictures about the music and musicians. Fridays, 6d. Bookstalls/Newsagents. Or Eurap Publishing Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

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GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

PENGUIN to a library bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps. Van calls. Has anyone Borkenau's Communist Int'n'l? The Hammersmith Bkshop, Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

MISCELLANEOUS

CLUB. Why travel abroad when you can meet people from all parts of the world at the All Nations Social Club in London? Sub. 10s. a year. Various activities. For details write Sec., All Nations Social Club, 83 Chiltern Street, W.1.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE B.B.C. invites applications from Arab men and women of different nationalities resident in, or near London, to take part from time to time in Arabic language programmes as outside contributors. The work involves reading classical and colloquial scripts in Talks and Feature programmes. Applicants should be in a position to accept, at fairly short notice, engagements involving up to one day's rehearsal in studios in the London area. Contractual arrangements are on the basis of normal B.B.C. practice. Applications should be made in writing to, Arabic Programme Organiser, Bush House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Applications will be acknowledged, and selected applicants will be invited to attend for a voice test.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer (Sound Broadcasting). Must have had good general education and have done something beyond academic training which has added positively to fund of experience. Lively, but not superficial, interest in the arts and trends of contemporary thought essential. University degree valuable but other proof of quality of mind equally acceptable. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 2050 N. Stra.), should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

ASSISTANT Professor at Royal Naval College, Greenwich. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for this pensionable post, for appointment in April, 1957. Age at least 31 on July 1, 1956. Candidates must have a degree with at least second class honours in Chemistry and some teaching experience. The successful candidate will be required to teach the chemistry of fuels, explosives and plastics. Salary: £2,000—£2,300 per annum. Exceptionally, starting pay above minimum. Accommodation may be provided for an unmarried man. Secondment from Scientific Civil Service would be considered. Further particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4620/56/8. Completed applications should be returned by September 21, 1956.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Inspector of Special Education required to advise upon, organise and inspect education mainly in day and boarding schools for handicapped children. Candidates should have good teaching experience and be well qualified academically. Preference will be given to those interested in educational psychology and in the problems of children in need of special educational treatment. Salary £1,500—£1,800; appointment may be made above minimum. Inspector of Infants' Schools required to advise upon, organise and inspect education in infants' schools. Candidates should have good experience of teaching in infants' schools. Interest in the problems of the backward child an advantage. Salary £916—£1,410; appointment may be made above minimum. Application forms (state post required), with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/J), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by September 21. (1617.)

MINISTRY of Education: Victoria and Albert Museum: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for one post of Research Assistant (Grade II), in the Department of Textiles. Age at least 22 on August 1, 1956. Candidates must have a University degree in an Arts subject (a degree in Economics will be accepted for this purpose) and a reading knowledge of one modern foreign language; but candidates will be considered exceptionally if they have experience of special value to the Museum. Knowledge of the history and display of costume is an advantage. Starting salary £525 (women £519) at age 22 up to £655 (women £627) at 26 or over. Maximum £805 (women £715). Women's scale being improved under equal pay scheme. Good promotion prospects to Research Assistant, Grade I (£929–£1,135). Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 237/56/7. The closing date for the receipt of application forms is extended to September 27, 1956.

CANADA. Fully qualified Librarian reqd. immed. 25 mls. Toronto. Commencing sal. $3,000 p.a. Apply airmail: Chairman, Public Library Board, Ajax, Ontario.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required. Must hold approved Mental Health Certificate. National Whitley Council Salary Scale, plus London Weighting. Possession of a car would be an advantage. Write, giving details of age, experience, qualifications, and the names of three referees to the Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

LIBRARIAN, woman, graduate or equivalent desirable, required for special library (the post not having been filled as a result of recent advertisement), in progressive firm of petroleum, gas, and chemical engineers. The library is the intelligence centre for information in all fields of engineering and chemistry, and in matters of trade, economics, travel, etc. It is a member of ASLIB. Salary and pension scheme details on application. Applications to the Secretary, Whessoe Ltd., Darlington

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUTH Hostels Association has vacancies for assistants to take charge of various departments at their National Sales, Travel & Services Dept., 29 John Adam St., London, W.C.2. In most cases, a knowledge of the Y.H.A. is essential. Salary commensurate with experience and ability. Application forms from the above address.

ADVERTISING Assistant wanted for Publicity Dept. of machinery makers. Knowledge of engineering helpful. Ability to write copy for mailing pieces, catalogues, check proofs, etc. Young man, N.S. completed, pref. Non-con. Pen. and Ins. Scheme. Write F. J. Edwards Ltd., 359 Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

A PART-TIME Organiser, married woman, living in or near Manchester, is wanted for important social work in North-West England, to understudy retiring Organiser and take over in six months. Must be able to travel easily and to undertake some evening work; personality and outlook all important; some knowledge of committee procedure desirable. Age, education and experience to: Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

FAMILY Service Units are already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Stockport, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with "problem families" to many other parts of the country. Social caseworkers interested in participating in this development can obtain details by writing to 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE post vacant at London office of World University Service for young man: liaison work; lecture in colleges; organise study tours. Recent first-hand experience of University or college and student organisations an advantage. Commencing salary £450 (and expenses) reviewed annually. Much travel. Apply immediately: General Secretary, W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

HANDCRAFT Instructress required for Home for Blind, Westgate. Salary £300—£400 p.a. non-resident, according to qualifications and experience. 5-day week. Experience with blind people not essential. Apply with full particulars, stating present salary to: Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Head of Dartington Hall School. Post vacant Autumn, 1957. Starting salary £1,500-£2,000 p.a., according to experience, with house, etc.—For further particulars apply to the Secretary, Dartington Hall Trustees, Central Offices, Totnes, Devon.

CONCERNED person, man or woman, required to develop work of Quaker Neighbourhood Centre in East London. Reasonable salary offered. Write: Secretary, Bedford Institute Association, 128a Hoxton Street, London, N.1.

WARDEN/Club Leader. Sir Philip Game Boys' Club, Addiscombe, Croydon, Surrey. Vacancy now for Warden/Club Leader. Membership 200-250. Good premises. Free living accommodation. Salary £550-£650. Apply by September 15 for full details and form of application to Hon. Secretary, Sir Philip Game Boys' Club, Police Station, Fell Road, Croydon, Surrey.

RESIDENT Assistant Cook wanted end Sept. Country house. Cooking, approx. 20-60 people inc. 9 child. Woman with school age child no objection. Wages by agreement. Interview after Sept. 14. Apply in writing: Sec., St. Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

WRITER for small, expanding, long-established, friendly London office. Fundamental ability to write (good word-fowler) and to write technically after briefing on a variety of subjects. Sub-editorial experience or aspirations valuable. Present staff will welcome someone with right appetite, ability and joie de vivre. Full dets., please: Box 7041.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DEPUTY Warden (female—under 50) required by National Union of Students for residential Student Hostel and International Centre in London. Write for details and application form—Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

SOCIAL worker &/or Administrator, m./f., with knowledge of Continental background, wanted by Jewish Organisation. Box 7088.

RESPONSIBLE qualified man wanted, teach, run scholastic, games side boys' small prep. school owing illness present H.M. Urgent. Box 7021.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist wanted for interesting political work. Clerical Workers' Union salary scale. Good hours and holidays. Apply: Sec., London Labour Party, 258 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

ASSISTANT Laboratory Secretary. (Voluntary Organisation, Sloane Street.) Good Shorthand-typist, other training given. Starting salary £400 p.a. Short hours, good conditions and prospects. Apply Box 6992.

LONDON Council of Social Service has part-time vacancy in Paddington with Overseas Students and Workers. Salary £300. Apply in writing by September 28 to General Secretary, 7 Bayley Street, W.C.1.

SHIPPING invoice typist with shorthand, good at figures. Perm. position. Box W.575, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad St., E.C.2.

PROFESSIONAL Association, Bloomsbury, requires lady book-keeper to take responsibility mainly for accounts and records of a Benevolent Fund. Appointment pensionable. Salary to satisfactory applicant £450. Box 7052.

IRVING Theatre Leicester Sq. reqs. typist full/pt.-time. Call betw. 5 & 7 p.m.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 97/99 Praed St., W.2, 99 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House).

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WANTED, lady or gentleman to help promote lucrative business then take over management. My own expenses. Box 7013.

GENERAL maid required, any nationality. Teacher's country house 40 mins. Baker Street. 'Phone Northwood 3119.

SCHOOL reqs. skilled man for repair & some gardening London & country houses. Intg. wk.; gd. pay. Box 6798.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Assistant Matron at a New Home for infirm aged, near Hindhead, Surrey. Excellent salary, conditions and amenities. Lovely home in own grounds. Special non-contributory pension scheme available. Applications with full particulars of qualifications and experience, together with testimonials (if available), to be sent marked H.12 to the Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex Street, Bishopsgate, E.1.

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NEWS CHRONICLE

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TRANSLATOR/Typist English/Spanish reqd. by Workers' International Organisation. Knowl. French desirable. Box 7122.

LADY with nursing experience, or retired nurse, reqd. as housekeeper to lady now fully recovered from slight stroke. 2 in fam., 2 dly. domest. helps; own rm., consideration & gd. pay. W. Lond. Rfs. Box 7095.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

B.A. (f.) Psychology student, seeks employment P.S.W., clinic, etc. Time required attend lectures. Box 6913.

ATTRACTIVE Parisienne (20) sks. human employment London. Perfect English. Sh./typing. Sorbonne (Law). Mlle. M. Masse, Av. Joinville 14, Nogent, Seine.

JOURNALIST (m., 23), tired of reporters' ratrace and anxious to be writer-proper, seeks London job (anything considered). Box 7108.

INHERENTLY worthwhile work sought by practical artist/countryman with particular liking for animals. Expd., resourceful, mobile. Suggestions invited. Box 7083.

ENGLISHWOM., 30's, sks. work in design &/or writing field. Travelled, incl. 5 yrs. U.S., keen craftswoman. Box 7037.

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COMF. s/c flat. Suit bus. or prof. couple 4gns. wkly. HAM. 8707.

NTH. Dulwich Stn. (2 mins.). Grnd. flr. s/c flat, 4 rms. & own kit. & bathrm. New. furn. & dec. Gdn. 12 mins. train Ldn. Bridge. Gd. bus serv. 5½gns. FOR. 1374.

UNF. Kens. gdn. flat. Rent contrd. 55s. p.w. incl. F & F. £850. Box 7020.

ISLE of Wight: Mill house, furnished, all conveniences. Winter months, 3gns. weekly. Taylor, The Mill, Yarmouth, I.o.W.

VENCE (Alpes-Maritimes). To let furn. 7-8 months from Oct. 1, old Provençal mas; 3 bedrms., servant's rm., all mod. con., lge. gdn., beaut. view. Refs. essen. Box 6885.

ARCHITECT and prospective wife require flat. f./unf. end Sept. Box 6985.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), S, Sn. 5 & 8, The Young & Beautiful. Mems.

UNITY EUS. 5391. "Hold the Line" a Soviet Farce Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. Mems.

ROYAL Festival Hall. The exotic & fabulous Ram Gopal & his new Indian Dancers open Mon., Sept. 10, for two-week season. Complete change prog. second week. Evgs. 8. Mats. Weds., Sats. 2.30. WAT. 3191.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer revivals. Until Sept. 9: The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan (U). From Sept. 10: Laurence Olivier in The Beggar's Opera (U).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Sept. 9, 6 dys. Jack Pallance, "The Big Knife" A.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Sept. 8. Zachary Scott in "The Southerner" (A). Dir.: Jean Renoir. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

CLYDESIDE Film Society starts Sept. 16. Cosmo Cinema, 7 p.m. Apply: H. Dunlop, 24 Apsley Street, Glasgow, W.1.

BAKER Street Jive Club, 15 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 7007. Jive. Sats. Suns. 8ish-latish. Cabaret: demonstration of Charleston; singer Barbara Mardon.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. At Home: Saturday night dances will commence on September 22 at 8 p.m.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evenings every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or 'phone PRI. 7479, evenings.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 62nd Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 15. Tickets 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. 1956-7 Season will include Bach's Christmas Oratorio and Alessandro Scarlatti's Stabat Mater. Practices Wednesdays 8-10 p.m. Good musicians in all voices are invited to apply to Mrs. Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, N.W.3, for details of audition on September 7.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, St. George's Hall, 25 Old Gloucester St., W.C.1. Thurs. Sept. 13 at 7.45 p.m. Spanish Guitar and Fusi Spiritual Songs. Recital by Fusi Aziz Balouch.

PIANO-Playing for Pleasure. Four Lecture-Demonstrations by James Ching. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1 Sats., Oct. 13, 27, Nov. 10, Dec. 1, at 2.30. Adm. free. No tickets. Detailed Syllabus & Literature: James Ching, M.A., B.Mus. Oxon., 38a Hollycroft Ave., N.W.3. HAM. 8256.

12TH Anniversary Celebration, Bulgaria's Natl. Liberation, tonight, Sat. Sept. 8, St. Pancras Tn. Hall. Productn. by Peter Collingwood. Adm. free, by tkt. only, from S.F.B., 42 Tavistock St. Aldwych W.C.2.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

JEAN-François Millet. Exhib. of drawings. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Sept. 15. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. 1s.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-4.30. Sats. 10-1.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan: Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. The State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display of the Regimental Silver of the Royal Artillery. Open 10-8 daily incl. Sundays.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery. Collection of Mrs. Geoffrey Hart. Important Dutch, Flemish and English Paintings; Tapestries & Furniture. 10-7 week-days; 2.30-7 Suns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., Part II Artists of Fame & Promise. An entirely new exhibition. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibn. Dly. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Recent paintings by Colin Moss. Aug. 29-Sept. 22.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Eric Atkinson; Extension of Summer Exhibition 1956. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Sept. 29.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhibition. Admission Free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2 30 6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stns.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

AUTOUR du Cubisme. Arts Council Exhibition of 29 paintings from the Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris. Tate Gallery. Closes Sept. 9. Wkdays 10-6. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

THIS is To-morrow—integration of the arts. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Last three days. To-day and Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, craft work. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-8 until September 29. 1s. Children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

CRAFTS Centre of Great Britain. Exhibition of Lithographs by Charles Keeping and Robert Tavener at 16/17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W.1. until September 22. Monday to Friday 10-5, Saturday 10-12.30. Admission free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arbiay St., W.1. Three British romantics. 11-6 dly.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Sept. 12, 7.30. "India & World Affairs." 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

CHINA—Liberty of the Individual. As seen by two lawyers, Messrs. R. S. W. Pollard and Ralph Millner, Friends House, Euston Road. Wednesday, Sept. 12, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. at door or from the Britain-China Friendship Assn., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., Sept. 15. M. Robert Wieder (Franco-British Society): "Ce que lit la jeunesse française."

SHAW Society: "G.B.S. 100," by Eric Batson, 7 Albemarle St., W.1., Sept. 7, 7 p.m. Admission free.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs., Sept. 13, 8.15 p.m. Architecture: Sir William Holford: The Precinct of St. Paul's Cathedral. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Pk. Gdns., W.11. Re-opening, Fri., Sept. 14, 8 p.m. L. Metcalf (Ch. Engineer Nat. Coal Board): "Russia Revisited." Russian conversation 6.30 p.m.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Sept. 11, at 8 p.m Humour: Michael Barsley: Changes in American Humour. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

LONDON Festival Committee Meeting. Thursday, Sept. 13 at 8. 81 Portland Place. Speaker just returned from Soviet Union. Details of VIth World Youth Festival, Moscow.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

OCCUPATIONAL Health Service: Speakers inc. Dr. David Stark Murray, Mr. George Black, F.R.C.S., Dr. Gordon Evans. Weekend Sept. 21-23, '56, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Socialist Medical Association. 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1. (VICtoria 4962.)

LONDON University Extension Lectures: Diploma in Sociology. Courses on Social History, Social Structure and Social Philosophy. Each 24 weekly lectures commencing Sept. 26. Fee: 25s. Criminology and the Psychology of Delinquency: 26 lectures, from Sept. 24, 30s. Non-diploma course on "Children's Problems": 24 lectures, from Oct. 2, 15s. Enrolment forms from: Deputy General Secretary, Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency, 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1. MAY. 0632.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERard 8531-2. All foreign-languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue, Religion School, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8. New Term begins Sunday, September 16, at 10 a.m. when the Principal will be pleased to enrol new pupils. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply to the School Secretary.

64 "LEISURE-Time" Courses in—A Home of Your Own. The Bible in a Scientific Age, Philosophy, International Affairs, Old London, Historic Homes, Literature, Natural History, Languages, Art, Music, Drama, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Cookery (Men), Fencing, Photography, Travel—Italy, Spain and South America, etc., Scottish Dancing, Medau Rhythmic Movement, Woodwork (Men and Women), Canteen, Common Room and Library at the Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (EUSton 1816). Courses commence Monday, September 24. Enrolment from Monday, September 17. Syllabus on application to Registrar.

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden (4,000ft.), Switzerland. Year course 1956-57. Offers a unified study of modern social, philosophical, religious and personal problems. Lecture Courses (English and German) in Philosophy, Comparative Religion, Psychology, Ethics and Sociology—Language Instruction by Modern Methods—Art, Literature and Music—Skiing, Mountaineering, Tennis, Swimming—Democratic International Community—Family atmosphere. 3 Terms of 11 weeks each, Oct. 1, 1956, to June 29, 1957. Cost, per term, for board, lodging and tuition—£79. Applicants must have a good general education and be at least 18 years of age. Inquiries to: Prof. H. Casparis, Albert Schweitzer College, Churwalden, Grisons, Switzerland.

CAREER for Intelligent Young Women. Stenotyping (Machine shorthand) used increasingly in well-paid secretarial and verbatim reporting posts. Call for demonstration, or write for details of secretarial training, or stenotyping only, in day and evening classes. Palantype College, 229 High Holborn, W.C.1. (HOLborn 9162.)

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TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. New Crses. Oct. 3. Day/res. students. Canteen.

FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20-21 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

LA PLUME de Ma Tante is not much use in France. Learn to speak useful French by our Direct Method. Prosp.: St. Giles Schl. of Languages, 147 Oxford St. GER. 1460.

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DANCE, Recreative Movement & Rhythm practice for adults and children at Lilian Harmel Studio, 37 Ferncroft Ave., N.W.3. Phone: HAM 0213.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method, Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

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MODERN, creative Dance (ballet) develops mind, body. Amat. classes for men, women, children. Hilde Holger School, 27 Oval Rd. Regents Pk., N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

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MEWS flat nr. Marble Arch, sunny bed-sit. suit bus. woman. Box 6924.

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NORTH Finchley. Quiet sunny bed-sit., 42s. incl. heat, light, baths, use kit. and garden. Woman only. Box 6617.

S/C. furnished 2-3 bus./prof. Year or longer. Garage. LIB. 6175. Box 7038.

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3 Socialist votes (Films, Medicine, C*v*l S*rv*c*) wish furnished flat in Tory Hampstead. Maximum £6 10s. Box 7089.

LADY lecturer (single) reqs. unfurn./furn. room & kitchen. Long let. Quiet house. Box 5878.

AMERICAN college teacher and wife, landing Southampton Sept. 17, want small furnished flat near British Museum, Sept. 20 to Jan. 12. Box 7092.

LANGUAGE School needs new premises, min. 3 rooms, N.W./W. preld. Box 7045.

JUNIOR lecturer & wife seek B.S./flatlet, London. Musical interests. Box 7060.

YOUNG business man, sgle., no family, sks. homely accom. London area. Box 6952.

YOUNG actor, house-trained, requires unfar-flung bed-sit. from Oct.; privacy, 'phone, ckg. facs. Box 6965.

WORKING mother and boy (11), at day school, urgently need room, breakfast, Hampstead, middle to end September. Hawkins, The Priory, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

LADY gardener, active, retiring autumn, reqs. semi-/unfurn. ground-floor room, use bath, kit. or larder, in house with garden. London district. Box 7017.

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COTSWOLDS. Charming small cottage. Vacant possession October. All mains; lovely views. 5 miles Stroud station. Carter, 54 Victoria Rd., Shoreham-by-Sea, Sx.

WEST Suffolk, 4 miles from Lavenham, very attractive detached thatched cottage residence containing many period features and in good order throughout, 3 Bedrooms, Bathroom (h. & c.), 3 Reception. Modern kitchenette. Garage pleasant garden. Main water. Calor gas lighting (main electricity shortly), modern drainage. Possession. Price £2,250. Freehold. Ref. 2454. Details: R. C. Knight & Sons, Market Place, Stowmarket (Tel. 384/5) or 130 Mount St., W.1. Tel. MAY. 0023/4.

DOCTOR leaving Mitcham has 4 bed, 2 recep., k. & b., garden, garage for sale. £2,850 freehold. Tel. Mitcham 0845.

For "Properties to Let and Wanted" see p. 295

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